

P O E M S,

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT.

BY

ROBERT BURNS,

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED FOR, AND SOLD BY PETER STEWART AND
GEORGE HYDE, THE WEST SIDE OF SECOND-STREET,
THE NINTH DOOR ABOVE CHESNUT-STREET.

M,DCC,LXXXVIII.



D E D I C A T I O N.

TO THE

NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN

OF THE

CALEDONIAN HUNT.

MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN,

A SCOTTISH Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service, where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious Names of his native Land; those who bear the honours and inherit the vir-

A 2 tues.

tues of their Ancestors?—The Poetic Genius of my Country found me as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my natal Soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired.—She whispered me to come to this ancient metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual stile of dedication, to thank you for past favours; that path is so hackneyed by prostituted Learning, that honest Rusticity is ashamed of it.—Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul of a servile Author, looking for a continuation of those favours: I was bred to the Plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with

with you, my illustrious Countrymen ; and to tell the world that I glory in the title.— I come to congratulate my Country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated ; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty.— In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your Forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your Party ; and may Social-joy await your return ! When harassed in courts or camps with the justlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured Worth attend your return to your native Seats ; and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates ! May Corruption shrink at your kindling indignant glance ; and may

may tyranny in the Ruler, and licentiousness in the People, equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honour to be,

With the sincerest gratitude and highest respect,

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Your most devoted humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

EDINBURGH,
April 4, 1787.

C O N T E N T S.

The Twa Dogs. A Tale	Page 9
Scotch Drink	20
The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer to the Scotch Representatives in the House of Commons	26
The Holy Fair	35
Death and Doctor Hornbook	46
The Brigs of Ayr	52
The Ordination	69
The Calf	76
Addresses to the Deil	77
The Death and Dying Words of Poor Mailie	83
Poor Mailie's Elegy	86
To J. S****	89
A Dream	97
The Vision	104
Address to the Unco Guid, or the Rigidly Righteous	
Tam Samson's Elegy	117
Halloween	121
The Auld Farmer's New-Year Morning Salutation to his Auld Mare, Maggie	127
The Cotter's Saturday Night	143
To a Mouse	148
A Winter Night	161
Epistle to Davie, a Brother Poet	163
The Lament	168
Despondency. An Ode	176
Man was made to Mourn. A Dirge	180
Winter. A Dirge	184
A Prayer, in the Prospect of Death	188
Stanzas on the same Occasion	190
Verses left at a Friend's House	191
The First Psalm	193
A Prayer	195
The First Six Verses of the Nintieth Psalm	196
	197

	Page
To a Mountain Daisy	199
To Ruin	202
To Miss L_____, with Beattie's Poems for a New-year's Gift	203
Epistle to a Young Friend	204
On a Scotch Bard, gone to the West-Indies	209
To a Haggis	212
A Dedication to G**** H***** Esq.	214
To a Louse, on seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church	220
Address to Edinburgh	223
Epistle to J. L**** K, an old Scotch Bard	226
To the same	232
Epistle to W. S**** N, Ochiltree	237
Epistle to J. R****, inclosing some Poems	245
John Barleycorn. A Ballad	249
A Fragment, 'When Guilford good our Pilot stood,'	252
Song, 'It was upon a Lammas night,'	256
Song, 'Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns,'	258
Song, 'Behind yon hills where Stinchar flows,'	260
Green grow the Rashies. A Fragment.	263
Song, 'Agair rejoicing Nature sees'	265
Song, 'The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,'	268
Song, 'From thee, Eliza, I must go,'	270
The Farewell. To the Brethren of St. James's Lodge, Tarbolton	271
Song, 'No Churchman am I for to rail and to write',	273
Epitaph on a celebrated Ruling Elder	275
____ on a noisy Polemic	ib.
____ on Wee Johnnie	276
____ for the Author's Father	ib.
____ for R. A. Esq.	277
____ for G. H. Esq.	ib.
A Bard's Epitaph	ib.
The Glossary	279

P O E M S,

C H I E F L Y

S C O T T I S H.

T H E

T W A D O G S,

T A L E.

TWAS in that place o' Scotland's illc,
That bears the name of *Auld King Coil*,
Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa Dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

B

The first I'll name, they ca'd him *Cæsar*,
 Was keepit for his Honor's pleasure ;
 His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
 Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
 But whalpit some place far abroad,
 Whare sailors gang to fish for Cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar
 Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar ;
 But though he was o' high degree,
 The fient a pride, na pride had he,
 But wad hae spent an hour carefisin',
 Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gipsey's messin' :
 At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
 Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,
 But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
 An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
 A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
 Wha for his friend and comrade had him,
 And in his freaks had *Luath* ca'd him,
 After some dog in Highland sang * ,
 Was made lang syne, Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
 As ever lap a sheugh or dike.

* Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.

His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
 Ay gat him friends in ilka place ;
 His breast was white, his towzie back
 Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black ;
 His gaucie tail, wi' upward curl,
 Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
 An' unco pack an' thick thegither ;
 Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snokit ;
 Whyles mice and moudieworts they howkit ;
 Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
 An' worry'd ither in diversion ;
 Till tir'd at last wi' mony a farce,
 They sat them down upon their a—,
 An' there began a lang digression
 About the *lords o' the creation*.

C Æ S A R.

I've often wonder'd, honest *Luath*,
 What sort o' life poor dogs like you have ;
 An' when the gentry's life I saw,
 What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
 His coals, his kain, an' a' his stents :
 He rises when he likes himsel' ;
 His flunkies answer at the bell ;

He ca's his coach ; he ca's his hōrse ;
 He draws a bonie silken purse
 As lang's my tail, whare, thro' the steeks,
 The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
 At baking, roasting, frying, boiling ;
 An' tho' the gentry first are steechin',
 Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan
 Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie,
 That's little short o' downright wastrie.
 Our Whipper-in, wee, blastit wonner,
 Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
 Better than ony tenant man
 His Honor has in a' the lan' :
 An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
 I own it's past my comprehension.

L U A T H.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles their fash't e-
 nough ;

A cotter howkin in a sheugh,
 Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
 Baring a quarry, an' sic like,
 Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
 An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
 Them right an' tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' fair disasters,
 Like loss o' health or want o' masters,
 Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
 An' they maun starve o' cauld ~~and~~ hunger :
 But how it comes, I never kend yet,
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented ;
 An' buirdly chiels, an' clever hizzies,
 Are bred in sic a way as this is.

C Æ S A R.

But then, to see how ye're neglekit,
 How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' disrespekit !
 L—d, man, our gentry care as little
 For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle ;
 They gang as saucy by poor folk,
 As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've notic'd, on our Laird's court day,
 An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
 Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
 How they maun thole a factor's snash ;
 He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
 He'll apprehend them, poind their gear ;
 While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
 An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble !

I see how folk live that hae riches ;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches !

L U A T H.

They're no sae wretched's ane wad think ;
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink,
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance and fortune are sae guided,
They'r ay in less or mair provided ;
An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives ;
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire-side.

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy ;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs ;
They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,
Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation's comin',
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmas returns,
 They get the jovial ranting Kirns,
 When *rural life*, of ev'ry station,
 Unite in common recreation ;
 Love blinks, Wit flaps, an' social Mirth
 Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
 They bar the door on frosty wins ;
 The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
 An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam ;
 The luntine pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
 Are handed round wi' right guid will ;
 The cantie auld folks crackin' crouse,
 The young anes ranting thro' the house—
 My heart has been sae fain to see them,
 That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
 Sic game is now owre often play'd ;
 There's monie a creditable stock
 O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,
 Are riven out baith root an' branch,
 Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
 Wha thinks to knit himself the faster
 In favour wi' some gentle Master,
 Wha ablins thrang a parliamentin,
 For Britain's guid his soul indentin—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it;
For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it.
 Say, rather, gaun as *Premiers* lead him,
 An' laying *aye* or *no*'s they bid him:
 At Operas an' Plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading:
 Or may be, in a frolic daft,
 To *Hague* or *Calais* tak a waft,
 To mak a tour an' tak a whirl,
 To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'.

There, at *Vienna* or *Versailles*,
 He rives his father's auld entails;
 Or by *Madrid* he takes the rout,
 To thrum guittars an' fecht wi' nowt;
 Or down Italian Vista startles,
 Wh're-hunting amang groves o' myrtles:
 Then bousies drumlie German water,
 To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
 An' clear the consequential sorrows,
 Love-gifts of Carnival Signioras.
For Britain's guid! for her destruction!
 Wi' dissipation, feud an' faction!

LUATH.

Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate
 They waste sae mony a braw estate!

Are we-sae foughten and harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last !

O would they stay aback frae courts,
An' please themsels wi' countra sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter !
For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows ;
Except for breakin o' their timmer,
Or speakin lightly o' their Limmer,
Or shootin o' a hare or moorcock,
The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk .

But will ye tell me, master *Cæsar*,
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure ?
Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
The vera thought o't need na fear them .

CÆSAR.

Lid, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' Winter's cauld, or Summer's heat ;
They've nae fair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes ;

But human bodies are sic fools,
 For a' their colleges and schools,
 That when nae real ills perplex them,
 They mak enow themsel's to vex them ;
 A' ay the less they hae to sturt them,
 In like proportion, less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the pleugh,
 His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh ;
 A country girl at her wheel,
 Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel :
 But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
 Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst.
 They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy ;
 Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy ;
 Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless,
 Their nights unquiet, lang, and restless.

An' ev'n their sports, their balls, an' races,
 Their galloping thro' public places,
 There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
 The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The Men cast out in party-matches,
 Then sowther a' in deep debauches,
 Ae night, they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,
 Niest day their life is past enduring.

The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
 As great an' gracious a' as sisters ;
 But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
 They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
 Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
 They sip the scandal potion pretty ;
 Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
 Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks ;
 Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
 An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard. .

There's some exceptions, man an' woman ;
 But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the fun was out o' sight,
 An' darker gloamin brought the night :
 The *bum-clock* humm'd wi' lazy drone,
 The kye stood rowtin i' the loan ;
 When up they gat an' shook their lugs,
 Rejoic'd they were na *men*, but *dogs* ;
 An' each took aff his several way,
 Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

S C O T C H D R I N K.

*Gie him strong drink until he wink,
 That's sinking in despair ;
 An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
 That's prest wi' grief an' care :
 There let him bouse an' deep carouse,
 Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
 Till he forgets his loves or debts,
 An' minds his griefs no more.*

— SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi. 6, 7.

LE'T other Poets raise a fracas
 'Bout vines, an' wines, an' drukē Bacchus,
 An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
 An' grate our lug,
 I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us,
 In glass or jug.

O thou, my *Muse!* guid auld 'Scotch
 Drink !
 Whether thrō' wimplin worms thou jink,
 Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
 In glorious faem,
 Inspire me, till I lispe an' wink,
 To sing thy name !

Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn,
 An' Aits set up their awnie horn,
 An' Pease an' Beans, at een or morn,
 Perfume the plain,
 Leeze me on thee, *John Barleycorn*,
 Thou king o' grain !

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
 In couple scones, the wale o' food !
 Or tumbling in the boiling flood
 Wi' kail an' beef ;
 But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
 There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin' ;
 Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin',
 When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine and grievin' ;
 But oil'd by thee,
 The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin',
 Wi' rattlin glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear ;
 Thou chears the heart o' drooping Care ;
 Thou strings the nerves o' Labor fair,
 At's weary toil ;
 Thou even brightens dark Despair,
 Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massy, filler weed,
 Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head ;
 Yet humbly kind, in time o' need,

The poor man's wine ;

His wee drap parritch, or his bread,

Thou kitchins fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts ;
 But thee, what were our fairs and rants ?
 Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,
 By thee inspir'd,
 When gaping they besiege the *tents*,
 Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in,
 O sweetly, then, thou reams the horn in !
 Or reekin on a New-year mornin
 In cog or bicker,
 An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
 An' gusty sucker !

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
 An' Ploughman gather wi' their graith,
 O rare ! to see thee fizz an' freath
 I' th' lugget caup !
 Then *Burnewin* comes on like Death
 At ev'ry chap.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel ;
The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
 The strong forehammer,
Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
 Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin weanies see the light,
Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
How fumbling Cuifs their Dearies slight,
 Wae worth the name !
Nae Howdie gets a social night,
 Or plack frae them.

When neebors anger at a plea,
An' just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the *barley-brie*
 Cement the quarrel !
It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee
 To taste the barrel.

Alake ! that e'er my Muse has reason,
To wyt her countrymen wi' treason !
But monie dailey weet their weason
 Wi' liquors nice,
An' hardly, in a winter season,
 E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that *brandy*, burning trash !
 Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash !
 Twins monie a poor, doylt, drunken hash
 O' half his days ;
 An' sends, beside, auld *Scotland's* cash
 To her warst faes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well,
 Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
 Poor, plackless devils like myself,
 It sets you ill,
 Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
 Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wrench,
 An' gouts torment him inch by inch,
 Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
 O' four disdain,
 Out owre a glass o' *Whisky punch*
 Wi' honest men !

O *Whisky* ! soul o' plays an' pranks !
 Accept a Bardie's gratefu' thanks !
 When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
 Are my poor Verses !
 Thou comes——they rattle i' their ranks
 At ither's a—— !

Thee *Ferintosh* ! O sadly lost !
 Scotland lament frae coast to coast !
 Now colic-grips, an' barkin hoast,
 May kill us a' ;
 For loyal Forbes' charter'd boast
 Is ta'en awa ! .

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
 Wha mak the *whisky stells* their prize ! .
 Haud up thy han' Deil ! ance, twice, thrice !
 There, seize the blinkers !
 An' bake them up in brunstane pies
 For poor d—n'd drinkers.

Fortune, if thou'll but gie me still
 Hale breeks, a scone, an' *whisky gill*,
 An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
 Tak' a' the rest,
 An' deal't about as thy blind skill
 Directs thee best.

THE AUTHOR'S
EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER*,

*To the Right Honourable and Honourable, the
Scotch Representatives in the House of
Commons.*

*Dearest of Distillation ! last and best ! —
— How art thou lost ! —*

PARODY ON MILTON.

YE Irish Lords, ye Knights an' Squires,
Wha represent our brughs an' shires,
An' doucely manage our affairs
In Parliament,
To you a simple Bardie's pray'rs
Are humbly sent.

Alas ! my roupet Muse is hearse !
Your Honors hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her sitten on her a—
Low i' the dust,

* This was wrote before the Act anent the Scotch Distilleries, of session 1786 ; for which Scotland and the Author return their most grateful thanks.

An' sciechen out prosaic verse,
 An' like to brust !

Tell them whae hae the chief direction,
 Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
 E'er sin' they lay that curst restriction
 On *Aquavitae* ;
 An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
 An' move their pity..

Stand forth, an' tell yon *Premier Youth*
 The honest, open, naked truth :
 Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
 His servants humble :
 The muckle devil blaw ye south,
 If ye dissemble !

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom ?
 Speak out an' never fash your thumb !
 Let posts an' pensions sink or foom
 Wi' them wha grant 'em :
 If honestly they canna come,
 Far better want 'em.

In gath'rin votes you were na slack ;
 Now stand as tightly by your tack :
 Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
 An' hum an' haw,

But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greetin' owre her thrissle;
Her mutchkin-stoup as toom's a whissle;
An' d-mn'd Excisemen in a bussle,
Seizin a *Stell*,
Triumphant crushin't like a mussel
Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,
A blackguard Smuggler, right behint her,
An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
Colleaguing join,
Picking her pouch as bare as Winter,
Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' *Scot*,
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
To see his poor auld Mither's *pot*,
Thus dung in staves,
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat
By gallows knaves?

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
Trode i' the mire out o' sight!
But could I like *Mantgomeries* fight,
Or gab like *Boswell*,

There's some fark-necks I wad draw tight,
An' tie some hose well.

God bless your Honors, can ye see't,
The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,
An' no get warinly to your feet,
An' gar them hear it,
An' tell them, wi' a patriot-heat,
Ye winna bear it !

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
To round the period an' pause,
An' with rhetoric clause on clause
To mak harrangues ;
Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster, a true-blue Scot I'fe warran ;
Thee, aith-detesting, chaste *Kilkerran* ;
An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
The Laird o' *Graham* ;
An' ane, a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarran,
Dundas his name.

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie ;
true *Campbells*, *Frederick* an' *Ilay* ;
An' *Livistone*, the bauld *Sir Willie* ;
An' monie ither,

Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
 Might own for brithers.

Arouse, my boys ! exert your mettle,
 To get auld Scotland back her *kettle* !
 Or faith ! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
 Ye'll see't or lang,
 She'll teach you, wi' a reekin whittle,
 Anither sang.

This while she's been in crankous mood,
 Her *lost Militia* fir'd her bluid ;
 (Deil na they never mair do guid,
 Play'd her that pliskie !)
 An' now she's like to rin red-wud
 About her Whisky.

An' L—d, if ance they pit her till't,
 Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
 An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
 She'll tak the streets,
 An' rin her whittle to the hilt,
 I' th' first she meets !

For G-d-fake, Sirs ! then speak her fair,
 An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
 An' to the muckle house repair,
 Wi' instant speed,

An' strive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear,
 To get remead.

Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, *Charlie Fox*,
 May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks ;
 But gie him't het, my hearty cocks !
 E'en cowe the cadie !
 An' send him to his dicing box
 An' sporting lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld *Boconnock's*,
 'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,
 An' drink his health in auld *Nanse Tinnock's**
 Nine times a-week,
 If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
 Wad kindly seek.

Could he some *commutation broach*,
 'll pledge my aith in gude braid Scotch,
 He need na fear their foul reproach
 Nor erudition,
 Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,
 The *Coalition*.

* A worthy old Hostess of the Author's in *Mauchline*, where he sometimes studies Politics over a glass of gude auld *Scotch Drink*.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue;
 She's just a devil wi' a rung;
 An' if she promise auld or young
 To tak their part.
 Tho' by the neck she should be strung,
 She'll no desert.

An' now, ye chosen *Five-and-Forty*,
 May still your Mither's heart support ye;
 Then, tho' a minister grow dory,
 An' kick your place,
 Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
 Before his face.

God blefs your Honors, a' your days,
 Wi' sowps o' kail an' brats o' claise,
 In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
 That haunt St. *Jamie's!*
 Your humble Bardie sings an' prays
 While *Rab* his name is.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Let half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies,
 See future wines, rich-clust'ring, rise;
 Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
 But blyth and frisky,
 She eyes her freeborn, martial boys
 Tak aff their Whisky.

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
 While Fragrance blooms and Beauty charms!
 When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
 The scented groves,
 Or hounded forth, dishonour arms.
 In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burden on their shouther;
 They downa bide the stink o' powther;
 Their bauldest thought's a hank, rin swither
 To stan' or rin,
 Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throwther,
 To save their skin.

But bring a *Scotchman* frae his hill,
 Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
 Say, such is royal *George's* will,
 An' there's the foe,
 He has nae thought but how to kill
 Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings teafe
 him;
 Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him;
 Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him;
 An' when he fa's,
 His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
 In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn een may steeck,
 An' raise a philosophic reek,
 An' physically causes seek,
 In clime an' season,
 But tell me *Whisky's* name in Greek,
 I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld respected Mither!
 Tho' whyles ye moistify your leather,
 Till whare ye sit on craps o' heather,
 Ye tine your dam ;
Freedom and *Whisky* gang thegither,
 Tak aff your dram !

T H E

H O L Y F A I R*.

*A robe of seeming truth and trust
 Hid crafty observation ;
 And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
 The dirk of Defamation :
 A mask that like the gorget show'd,
 Dye-varying, on the pigeon ;
 And for a mantle large and broad,
 He wrapt him in Religion.*

HYPOCRISY A-LA-MODE.

I.

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
 When Nature's face is fair,
 I walked forth to view the corn,
 An' snuff the caller air.
 The rising sun, owre Galston muirs,
 Wi' glorious light was glintin' ;
 The hares were hirplin down the furs,
 The lav'rocks they were chantin'
 Fu' sweet that day.

* *Holy Fair* is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a sacramental occasion.

II.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
 To see a scene sae gay,
 Three Hizzies, early at the road,
 Cam skelping up the way.
 Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black;
 But ane wi' lyart lining;
 The third, that gaed a wee a-back,
 Was in the fashion shining
 Fu' gay that day.

III.

The *twa* appear'd like fisters twin,
 In feature, form, an' claes ;
 Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin,
 An' four as ony flaes :
 The *third* cam up, hap-step-an'-lowp,
 As light as ony lambie,
 An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
 As soon as e'er she saw me,
 Fu' kind that day.

IV.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, ' Sweet lass,
 ' I think ye seem to ken me ;
 ' I'm sure I've seen that bonie face,
 ' But yet I canna name ye.'
 You' she, an laughin as she spak,

An' tak's me by the hauns,
 ' Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck
 ' Of a' the ten commauns
 ' A screed some day.

V

' My name is *Fun*—your cronie dear,
 ' The neareſt friend ye hae ;
 ' An' this is *Superſtition* here,
 ' An' that's *Hypocrify*.
 ' I'm gaun to ***** *Holy fair*,
 ' To ſpend an hour in daffin :
 ' Gin ye'll go there, yon runkl'd pair,
 ' We will get famous laughin
 ' At them this day.'

VI.

Quoth I, ' With a' my heart, I'll do't ;
 ' I'll get my Sunday's fark on,
 ' An' meet you on the holy spot ;
 ' Faith, we've hae fine remarkin !'
 Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
 An' ſoon I made me ready ;
 For roads were clad, frae ſide to ſide,
 Wi' monie a wearie body,
 In droves that day.

VII.

Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith,
 Gaed hoddin by their cotters ;
 There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,
 Are springin owre the gutters.
 The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
 In silks an' scarlets glitter ;
 Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in monie a whang,
 An' farls, bak'd wi' butter,
 Fu' crump that day.

VIII.

When by the *plate* we set our nose,
 Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
 A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,
 An' we maun draw our tippence.
 Then in we go to see the show,
 On ev'ry side they're gath'rin ;
 Some carryin dails, some chairs an' stools,
 An' some are busy bleth'rin
 Right loud that day.

IX.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
 An' screen our countra Gentry,
 There, *racer Jess*, an' twa-three wh—res,
 Are blinkin at the entry.

Here sits a raw o' tittling jads,
 Wi' heaving breast an' bare neck ;
 An' there, a batch o' wabster lads,
 Blackguarding frae K*****ck,
 For *fun* this day.

X.

Here, some are thinkin on their sins,
 An' some upo' their claes ;
 Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
 Anither sighs an' prays :
 On this hand sits a Chosen swatch,
 Wi' screw'd-up, grace-proud faces ;
 On that, a set o' Chaps, at watch,
 Thrang winkin on the lasses
 To chairs that day.

XI.

O happy is that man, an' blest !
 Nae wonder that it pride him !
 Wha's ain dear lass, that he likes best,
 Comes clinkin down beside him !
 Wi' arm repos'd on the chair-back,
 He sweetly does compose him ;
 Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
 An's loof upon her bosom
 Unkend that day.

XII.

Now a' the congregation o'er
 Is silent expectation ;
 For ***** speels the holy door,
 Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t-n.
 Should *Hornie*, as in ancient days,
 'Mang sons o' G— present him,
 The vera sight o' *****'s face,
 To's ain het hame had sent him
 W' fright that day.

XIII.

Hear how he clears the points o' Faith
 Wi' rattlin an' thumpin !
 Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
 He's stampin, an' he's jumpin !
 His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
 His eldritch squeel and gestures,
 O how they fire the heart devout,
 Like cantharidian plasters,
 On sic a day !

XIV.

But hark ! the *tent* has chang'd its voice ;
 There's peace an' rest nae langer ;
 For a' the *real judges* rise,
 They canna sit for anger.

***** opens out his cauld harangues,
 On practice and on morals ;
 An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
 To gie the jars an' barrels
 A lift that day.

XV.

What signifies his barren shine,
 Of moral pow'rs an' reason ?
 His English style, an' gesture fine,
 Are a' clean out o' season.

Like *Socrates* or *Antonine*,
 Or some auld Pagan Heathen,
 The moral man he does define,
 But ne'er a word o' faith in
 That's right that day.

XVI.

In guid time comes an antidote
 Against sic poison'd nostrum ;
 For ***** , frae the water-fit,
 Ascends the holy rostrum :
 See, up he's got the word o' G—,
 An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
 While *Common-Sense* has ta'en the road
 An' aff, an' up the *Cowgate* *
 Fast, fast that day.

* A street so call'd, which faces the *tent* in —.

XVII.

Wee ***** niest, the Guard relieves,
 An' Orthodoxy raibles,
 Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
 An' thinks it auld wives' fables ;
 But faith ! the birkie wants a manse,
 So cannilie he hums them ;
 Altho' his carnal wit an' sence
 Like haflins-wise o' ercomes him
 At times that day.

XVIII.

Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,
 Wi' yill-caup Commentators :
 Here's crying out for bakes an' gills,
 An' there the pint-stowp clatters :
 While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
 Wi' Logic, an' wi' Scripture,
 They raise a din, that, in the end,
 Is like to breed a rupture
 O' wrath that day.

XIX.

— Leeze me on Drink ! it gi'es us mair
 Than either School or Colledge :
 It kindles Wit, it waukens Lair,
 It pangs us fou o' Knowledge.

Be't whisky gill or penny wheep,
 Or ony stronger potion,
 It never fails, on drinkin deep,
 To kittle up our notion,
 By night or day.

XX.

The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
 To mind baith faul an' body,
 Sit round the table, weel content,
 An' steer about the toddy.
 On this ane's dres, an' that ane's leuk,
 They're makin observations ;
 While some are cozie i' the neuk,
 An' formin assignations
 To meet some day.

XXI.

But now the L—'s ain trumpet touts,
 Till a' the hills are rairin,
 An' echos back return the shouts ;
 Black ***** is nae sparin :
 His piercing words, like Highlan swords,
 Divide the joints an' marrow ;
 His talk o' Hell, whare devils dwell,
 Our vera ' Sauls does harrow *'
 Wi' fright that day !

* Shakespeare's Hamlet.

XXII.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless Pit,
 Fill'd fou o' lowin brunstane,
 Wha's raging flame, an' scorching heat,
 Wad melt the hardest whun-stane !
 The half asleep start up wi' fear,
 An' think they hear it roaring,
 When presently it does appear,
 'Twas but some neebor snoring
 Asleep that day.

XXIII.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell,
 How monie stories past,
 An' how they crowded to the yill,
 When they were a' dismist :
 How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
 Amang the furms and benches ;
 An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
 Was dealt about in lunches,
 An' dawds that day.

XXIV.

In comes a gaucie, gash Guidwife,
 An' sits down by the fire,
 Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife,
 The lasses they are shyer.

The auld Guidmen, about the grace,
 Frae side to side they bother,
 Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
 An' gi'es them't like a tether,
 Fu' lang that day.

XXV.

Waefucks ! for him that gets nae lafs,
 Or lasses that hae naething !
 Sma' need has he to fay a grace,
 Or melvie his braw claithing !
 O Wives ! be mindfu' ance yoursel,
 How bonie lads ye wanted,
 An dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
 Let lasses be affronted
 On sic a day !

XXVI.

Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlin tow,
 Begins to jow an' croon ;
 Some swagger hame, the best they dow,
 Some wait the afternoon.
 At slaps the billies halt a blink,
 Till lasses strip their shoon :
 Wi faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
 They're a' in famous tune
 For crack that day.

XXVII.

How monie hearts this day converts
 O' Sinners and o' Lasses !
 Their hearts o' stane gin night arè gane,
 As saft as ony flesh is.
 There's some are fou o' love divine ;
 There's some are fou o' brandy ;
 An' monie jobs that day begin,
 May end in Houghmagandie
 Some ither day.

D E A T H
 A N D
 DOCTOR HORNBOOK.

A

TRUE STORY.

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
 And some great lies were never penn'd :
 Ev'n Ministers they hae been kenn'd,
 In holy rapture,
 Great lies and nonsense baith to vend,
 And nail't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
 Which lately on a night befel,
 Is just as true's the Deil's in h-ll,
 or Dublin city :
 That e'er he nearer comes oursel
 'S a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
 I was nae foul, but just had plenty ;
 I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
 To free the ditches ;
 An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes kenn'd ay
 Frae ghaists an' witches.

The rising moon began to glowr
 The distant *Cumnock* hills out-owre :
 To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
 I set mysel ;
 But whether she had three or four,
 I cou'd na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
 And toddlin down on *Willie's mill*,
 Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
 To keep me sicker ;
 Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
 I took a bicker.

I there wi' *Something* does forgather,
 That pat me in an eerie swither ;
 An afu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
 Clear-dangling, hang;
 A three-tae'd leister on the ither
 Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotti ells twa,
 The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
 For sient a wame it had ava,
 And then its shanks,
 They were as thin, as sharp an' sma',
 As cheeks o' branks.

‘ Guid-een,’ quo’ I ; ‘ Friend ! hae ye been
 ‘ mawin,
 ‘ When ither folk are busy fawin * ?’
 It seem’d to mak a kind o’ stan’,
 But naething spak ;
 At length, says I, ‘ Friend, whare ye gaun,
 ‘ Will ye go back ?’

It spak right howe—‘ My name is *Death*,
 ‘ But be na’ fley’d.’—Quoth I, ‘ Guid faith,
 ‘ Ye’re maybe come to stap my breath ;
 ‘ But tent me, billie ;

* This renounter happened in seed-time, 1785.

‘ I red ye weel, tak care o’ skaith,
 ‘ See, there’s a gully !

‘ Gudeman’, quo’ he, ‘ put up your whittle,
 ‘ I’m no design’d to try its mettle ;
 ‘ But if I did, I wad be kittle
 ‘ To be mislear’d,
 ‘ I wad nae mind it, no that spittle
 ‘ Out-owre my beard.’

‘ Weel, weel !’ says I, ‘ a bargain be’t ;
 ‘ Come, gies your hand, an’ sae we’re gree’t ;
 ‘ We’ll ease our shanks an’ tak a seat,
 ‘ Come, gies your news !
 ‘ This while * ye hae been mony a gate,
 ‘ At mony a house ;

‘ Ay, ay !’ quo’ he, an’ shook his head,
 ‘ It’s e’en a lang, lang time indeed
 ‘ Sin’ I began to nick the thread,
 ‘ An’ choke the breath :
 ‘ Folk maun do something for their bread
 ‘ An’ sae maun *Death*.

‘ Sax thousand years are near hand fled
 ‘ Sin’ I was to the butching bred,

* An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.

‘ And mony a scheme in vain’s been laid,
 ‘ To stab or scar me ;
 • Till ane Hornbook’s † ta’en up the trade,
 ‘ And faith, he’ll waur me.

 ‘ Ye ken *Jock Hornbook* i’ the Clachán,
 ‘ Deil mak his king’s-hood in a spleuchan !
 ‘ He’s grown sae weel acquaint wi’ *Buchan**,
 ‘ And ither chaps,
 ‘ The weans haud out their fingers laughin,
 ‘ And pouk my hips.

 ‘ See, here’s a scythe, and there’s a dart,
 ‘ They hae pierc’d mony a gallant heart ;
 ‘ But Doctor *Hornbook*, wi’ his art
 ‘ And cursed skill,
 ‘ Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
 ‘ D—n’d haet they’ll kill !

 ‘ ’Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
 ‘ I threw a noble throw at ane ;
 ‘ Wi’ less, I’m sure, I’ve hundreds slain ;
 ‘ But deil ma-care !

† This gentleman, Dr. Hornbōok, is, professionally, a brother of the sovereign Order of the Ferula ; but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an Apothecary, Surgeon, and Physician.

* *Buchan’s Domestic Medicine.*

• It just play'd dirl on the bane,
 ‘ But did nae mair.

• *Hornbook* was by, wi' ready art,
 And had sae fortify'd the part,
 That when I looked to my dart,
 ‘ It was sae blunt,

• Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
 ‘ Of a kail-runt.

• I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
 I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry,
 But yet the bauld *Apothecary*
 ‘ Withstood the shock ;
 I might as well hae try'd a quarry
 ‘ O' hard whin-rock.

• E'en them he canna get attended,
 Altho' their face he ne'er had kend it,
 Just sh— in a kail-blade and send it,
 ‘ As soon's he smells 't,
 Baith there disease, and what will mend it,
 ‘ At ance he tells 't.

• And then a' doctor's faws and whistles,
 ‘ Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,

‘ A’ kinds o’ boxes, mugs, an’ bottles,

‘ He’s sure to hac ;

● Their Latin names as fast he rattles

‘ As A B C.

‘ Calces o’ fossils, earths, and trees ;

‘ True Sal-marimum o’ the seas ;

‘ The Farina of beans and pease,

‘ He has’t in plenty ;

● Aqua-fontis, what you please,

‘ He can content ye.

‘ Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,

‘ Urinus Spiritus of capons ;

‘ Or Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,

‘ Distill’d *per se* ;

‘ Sal-alkali o’ Midge-tail clippings,

‘ And mony mae.’

‘ Waes me for *Johnny Ged’s-Hole** now,’

Quoth I, ‘ if that thae news be true !

‘ His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,

‘ Sae white an’ bonie,

‘ Nae doubt they’ll rive it wi’ the plew ;

‘ They’ll ruin *Johnie* !

The creature grain’d an eldritch laugh,
And says, ‘ Ye needna yoke the pleugh,

* The grave-digger.

‘ Kirk-yards will soon be till’d eneugh,
 ‘ Tak ye nae fear :
 ‘ They’ll a’ be trench’d wi’ mony a sheugh,
 ‘ In twa-threec year.

‘ Whare I kill’d ane, a fair-strae-death,
 ‘ By loss o’ blood, or want o’ breath,
 ‘ This night I’m free to tak my aith,
 ‘ That *Hornbook’s* skill,
 ‘ Has clad a score i’ their last claihit,
 ‘ By drap and pill.

‘ An honest Wabster to his trade,
 ‘ Whase wife’s twa nieves were scarce weel-
 ‘ bred,
 ‘ Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
 ‘ when it was fair ;
 ‘ The wife slade cannie to her bed,
 ‘ but ne’er spak mair.

‘ A countra Laird had ta’en the batts,
 ‘ Or some curmurring in his guts,
 ‘ His only son for *Hornbook* sets,
 ‘ And pays him well,
 ‘ The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
 ‘ Was Laird himsel.

‘ A bonie lass, ye kend her name,
 ‘ Some ill-brewn drink had hov’d her wame,

She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,
 • In *Hornbook's* care ;
 • Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
 • To hide it there.

• That's just a swatch o' *Hornbook's* way,
 • Thus goes he on from day to day,
 • Thus does he poison, kill, an' illay,
 ‘ An's weel pay'd for it ;
 • Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
 ‘ Wi' his d-mn'd dirt !
 • But hark ! I'll tell you of a plot,
 • Tho' dinna ye be speakin o't ;
 • I'll nail the self-conceited Sot,
 ‘ As dead's a herrin :
 • Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
 ‘ He gets his fairin !’
 But just as he began to tell,
 The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
 Some wee short hour ayont the twal,
 Which rais'd us baith :
 I took the way that pleas'd mysel,
 And sae did *Death*.

THE

B R I G S O F A Y R.

A P O E M.

*Inscribed to J. B******, Esq; AYR.*

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
 Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
 The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
 Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush,
 The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
 Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill ;
 Shall he, nurst in the Peasant's lowly shed,
 To hardy Independence bravely bred,
 By early Poverty to hardship steel'd,
 And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field,
 Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
 The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes ?

Or labour hard the panegyric close,
 With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose?
 No! though his artless strains he rudely
 sings,
 And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the
 strings,
 He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
 Fame, honest Fame, his great, his dear re-
 ward.
 Still, if some patron's gen'rous care he trace,
 Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace;
 When B***** befriends his humble
 name,
 And hands the rustic Stranger up to fame,
 With heart-felt throes his grateful bosom
 swells,
 The god-like bliss, to give, alone excels.

"Twas when the stacks get on their winter-
 hap,
 And thack and rape secure the toil-won
 crap;
 Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith
 Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;

The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer-
toils,

Unnumber'd buds and flowr's' delicious
spoils,

Seal'd up with frugal care in massive,
waxen piles,

Are doom'd by Man, that tyrant o'er the
weak,

The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone
reek :

The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side,
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
The feather'd field-mates, bound by Na-
ture's tie,

Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie :
(What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)

Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow
springs ;

Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang
tree :

The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noon-
tide blaze,

While thick the gossamer waves wanton
in the rays.

'Twas in that season, when a simple Bard,
Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of *Ayr*,
By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care,
He left his bed, and took his wayward rout,
And down by *Simpson's** wheel'd the leest
about :

(Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
To witness what I after shall narrate ;
Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
He wander'd out he knew not where nor
why)

The drowsy *Dungeon-clock*† had number'd
two,
And *Wallace Tow'r* † had sworn the fact
was true :

The tide-swoln Firth, with fullen-sounding
roar,
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along
the shore :

All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e ;
The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and
tree :

The chily Frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering
stream.—

* A noted tavern at the *Auld Brig* end.

† The two steeples.

When, lo ! on either hand the list'ning
Bard,

The clanging sugh of whistling wings is
heard ;

Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight
air,

Swift as the *Gos* * drives on the wheeling
hare ;

Ane on th' *Auld Brig* his airy shape up-rears,
The ither flitters o'er the *rising piers* :
Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd
The Sprites that owre the *Brigs of Ayr* pre-
side.

(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk ;
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can ex-
plain them,
And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken
them.)

Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face :
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw, new coat,
That he, at *Lon'on*, frae ane *Adams* got ;
In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
Wi' virls an' whirlygigums at the head.

* The gos-hawk, or falcon.

The Goth was stalking round with anxious
search,
Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch;
It chanc'd his new come neebor took his e'e,
And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he !
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
He, down the water, gies him this guid-
een—

A U L D B R I G.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae
sheep-shank,
Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to
bank !
But gin ye be a Brig as auld as me,
Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never
see ;
There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a
boddle,
Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

N E W B R I G.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense ;
Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a
street,
Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when
they meet,

Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and
lime,
Compare wi' bonie *Brigs* o' modern time ?
There's men of taste wou'd tak the *Ducat-*
*stream**,
Tho' they should cast the vera fark and
swim,
E'er they would grate their feelings wi' the
view
Of sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

A U L D B R I G.

Conceited gowk ! puff'd up wi' windy pride !
This mony a year I've stood the flood and
tide ;
And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm fair forfairn,
I'll be a *Brig* when ye're a shapeless cairn !
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains ;
When from the hills where springs the
brawling *Coil*,
Or stately *Lugar's* mossy fountains boil,

* A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.

Or where the *Greenock* winds his moorland course,
 Or haunted *Garpal** draws his feeble source,
 Arous'd by blustering winds an' spotting thowes,
 In mony a torrent down the fraw-broo rowes ;
 While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat ;
 Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate ;
 And from *Glenbuck* †, down to the *Ratton-key* ‡,
 Auld *Ayr* is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea ;
 Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise !
 And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pour-ing skies.
 A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
 That Architecture's noble art is lost !

* The banks of *Garpal Water* is one of the few places in the West of Scotland where those fancy-scaring beings, known by the name of *Ghaists*, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.

† The source of the river of *Ayr*.

‡ A small landing-place above the large key.

N E W B R I G.

Fine *architecture*, trowth, I needs must say't
o't,

The L—d be thankit that we've tint the
gate o't!

Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
Hanging with threat'ning jut like precipi-
ces;

O'er arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring
coves,

Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves:
Windows and doors in nameless sculptures
drest,

With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;
Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,
The craz'd creations of misguided whim;
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bend-
ed knee,

And still the *second dread command* be free,
Their likeness is not found on earth, in
air, or sea.

Mansions that would disgrace the building-
taste

Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast;
Fit only for a doited Monkish race,
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace;

Or Cuifs of later times, wha held the notion,
That sullen gloom was Sterling true devo-
tion :

Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protec-
tion,
And soon may they expire, unblest with
resurrection !

A U L D B R I G.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yeal-
ings,

Were ye but here to share my wounded
feelings !

Ye worthy *Proveses*, an' mony a *Bailie*
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay ;
Ye dainty *Deacons*, an' ye douce *Conveeners*,
To whom our moderns are but causey-
cleaners ;

Ye godly *Councils*, wha hae blest this town ;
Ye godly *Brethren* o' the sacred gown,
Wha meekly gae your *burdies* to the *smiters* ;
And (what would now be strange) ye godly
Writers :

A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
Were ye but here, what would ye say or do !
How would your spirits groan in deep vexa-
tion,

To see each melancholy alteration ;

And, agonizing, curse the time and place
 When ye begat the base, degenerate race !
 Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's
 glory,

In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid
 story :

Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
 Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house ;
 But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gen-
 try,

The herryment and ruin of the country ;
 Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by
 Barbers,

Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—d
New Brigs and *Harbours* !

N E W B R I G.

Now haud you there ! for faith ye've said
 enough,

And muckle mair than ye can mak to
 through.

As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little.
Corbies and *Clergy* are a shot right kittie.
 But, under favor o' your langer beard,
 Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd ;
 To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
 I must needs say, comparissons are odd.

In *Ayr*, Wag-wits nae mair can have a
handle

To mouth ‘A Citizen,’ a term o’ scandal:
Nae mair the Council waddles down the
street,

In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;
Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an'
raisins,

Or gather’d lib’ral views in Bonds and Sci-
fins.

If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
Had shor’d them with a glimmer of his
lamp,

And would to Common-sense for once be-
tray’d them,

Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid
them.

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to
shed,

No man can tell; but, all before their sight,
A fairy train appear’d in order bright:
Adown the glittering stream they feately
danc’d;

Bright to the moon their various dresses
glanc’d:

They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their
feet :

While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung,
And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties
fung.

O had *M'Lauchlin* *, thairm-inspiring
Sage,

Been there to hear this heavenly band
engage,

When thro' his dear *Strathspeys* they bore
with Highland rage,

Or when they struck old Scotia's melting
airs,

The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares ;
How would his Highland lug been nobler
fir'd,

And ev'n his matchless hand with finer
touch inspir'd !

No guess could tell what instrument ap-
pear'd,

But all the soul of Music's self was heard ;
Harmonious concert rung in every part,
While simple melody pour'd moving on the
heart.

* A well-known performer of Scottish music on the violin.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
 A venerable Chief advanc'd in years ;
 His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
 His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
 Next came the loveliest pair in all the
 ring,
 Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with
 Spring ;
 Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came
 Rural Joy,
 And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye :
 All-clearing Plenty, with her flowing horn,
 Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nod-
 ding corn ;
 Then winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary
 show,
 By Hospitality with cloudless brow.
 Next follow'd Courage with his martial
 stride,
 From where the *Feal* wild woody coverts
 hide :
 Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
 A female form, came from the tow'r's of
 Stair :
 Learning and Worth in equal measures
 trode,
 From simple *Catrine*, their long-lov'd abode :

Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a
hazle wreath,
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken, iron instruments of Death,
At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their
kindling wrath.

T H E
O R D I N A T I O N.

*For sense they little owe to frugal Heav'n—
To please the Mob they bide the little giv'n.*

I.

K ***** Wabsters, fidge an' claw,
An' pour your creeshie nations ;
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations ;
Swith to the *Laigh Kirk*, ane an' a,
An' there tak up your stations ;

G

Then aff to *B-gb--'s* in a raw,
 An' pour divine libations
 For joy this day.

II.

Gurſt Commonſe, that imp o' h-ll,
 Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder * ;
 But O***** aft made her yell,
 An' R***** fair misca'd her :
 This day M***** taks the flail,
 An' he's the boy will blaud her !
 He'll clap a *shangan* on her tail,
 An' ſet the bairns to daud her
 Wi' dirt this day.

III.

Mak haste an' turn King David owre,
 An' lilt wi' holy clangor ;
 O' double verſe come gie us four,
 An' ſkirl up the Bangor :
 This day the Kirk kicks up a ſtoure,
 Nae mair the knaves ſhall wrang her,
 For Heresy is in her pow'r,
 And gloriously ſhe'll whang her
 Wi' pith this day.

* Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the admission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr. L——— to the *Laigh Kirk*.

IV.

Come, let a proper text be read,
 An' touch it aff wi' vigor,
 How graceless *Ham** leugh at his Dad,
 Which made *Canaan* a niger ;
 Or *Phineas* † drove the murdering blade,
 Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour ;
 Or *Zipporah* ‡, the scauldin jad,
 Was like a bluidy tiger
 I' th' inn that day.

V.

There, try his mettle on the creed,
 And bind him down wi' caution,
 That *Stipend* is a carnal weed
 He takes but for the fashion ;
 And gie him o'er the flock, to feed,
 And punish each transgression ;
 Especial, *rams* that cross the breed,
 Gie them sufficient threshin,
 Spare them nae day.

* Genesis, ch. ix. vers. 22.

† Numbers, ch. xxv. vers. 8.

‡ Exodus, ch. iv. vers. 25.

VI.

Now auld K******, cock thy tail,
 An' toss thy horns fu' canty ;
 Nae mair thou'l rowte out-owre the dale,
 Because thy pasture's scanty ;
 For lapfu's large o' gospel-kail
 Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
 An' runts o' grace the pick an' wale,
 No gi'en by way o' dainty,
 But ilka day.

VII.

Nae mair by *Babel's streams* we'll weep,
 To think upon our *Zion* ;
 And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
 Like baby-clouts a-dryin :
 Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
 And o'er the thairms be tryin ;
 Oh, rare ! to see our elbucks wheep,
 And a'like lamb-tails flyin
 Fu' fast this day !

VIII.

Lang, *Patronage*, wi' rod o' airn,
 Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin,
 As lately *F-nw-ck*, fair forfairn,
 Has proven to its ruin :

Our Patron, honest man ! *G*****;*
 He saw mischief was brewin ;
 And like a godly, elect bairn,
 He's wal'd us out a true ane,
 And found this day.

IX.

Now *R****** harangue nae mair,
 But steek your gab for ever ;
 Or try the wicked town of *A***,
 For there they'll think you clever ;
 Or, nae reflection on your lear,
 Ye may commence a Shaver ;
 Or to the *N-th-rt-n* repair,
 And turn a carpet-weaver
 Aff-hand this day.

X.

*M****** and you were just a match,
 We never had sic twa drones ;
 Auld *Hornie* did the *Laigh Kirk* watch,
 Just like a winkin baudrons :
 And ay he catch'd the tither wretch,
 To fry them in his caudrons ;
 But now his Honor maun detach,
 Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
 Fast, fast this day.

XI.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faës
 She's swingein thro' the city !
 Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays !
 I vow it's unco pretty :
 There, Learning, with his Greekish face,
 Grunts out some Latin ditty ;
 And Common Sense is gaun, she says,
 To mak to *Jamie Beattie*
 Her plaint this day.

XII.

But there's Morality himsel,
 Embracing all opinions ;
 Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
 Between his twa companions !
 See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
 As ane were peelin onions !
 Now there, they're packed aff to h-ll,
 And banish'd our dominions,
 Henceforth this day.

XIII.

O happy day ! rejoice, rejoice !
 Come bouse about the porter !
 Morality's demure decoys
 Shail here nay marc find quarter :

M******, R*****, are the boys
 That heresy can torture ;
 They'll gie her on a rape a hoysse,
 And cowe her measure shorter
 By th' head some day.

XIV.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
 And here's for a conclusion,
 To ev'ry *New-light* * mother's son,
 From this time forth, Confusion :
 If mair they deave us wi' their din,
 Or Patronage intrusion,
 We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
 We'll rin them aff in fusion
 Like oil, some day.

* *New-light* is a cant-phrase, in the West of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr. Taylor of Norwhich has defended so strenuously..

T H E
C A L F.

*To the Rev. Mr———, on his text,
MALACHI, ch. iv. vers. 2. ‘ And they
shall go forth, and grow up, like CALVES
of the stall.’*

RI G H T, Sir! your text I'll prove it
true,

Tho' Heretics may laugh;
For instance, there's yoursel just now,
God knows an unco Calf!

And should some Patron be so kind,
As blefs you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find,
Ye're still as great a Stirk.

But, if the Lover's raptur'd hour,
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, ev'ry heav'nly Power,
You e'er should be a Sot!

Tho', when some kind connubial Dear
 Your but-and-ben adorns,
 The like has been that you may wear
 A noble head of *horns.*

And, in your lug, most reverend J—,
 To hear you roar and rowte,
 Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
 To rank amang the *Nowte.*

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
 Below a graffy hillock,
 Wi' justice they may mark your head—
 'Here lies a famous *Bullock!*'

A D D R E S S E S
 TO THE
 D E I L.

O Prince! O Chief of many throned Pow'rs,
 That led th' embattl'd Seraphim to war—

MILTON.

O THOU! whatever title suit thee,
 Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,

Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
 Clos'd under hatches,
 Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
 To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld *Hangie*, for a wee,
 An' let poor damned bodies be ;
 I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
 Ev'n to a *deil*,
 To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
 An' hear us squeel !

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;
 Far kend an noted is thy name ;
 An' tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame,
 Thou travels far ;
 An' faith ! thou's neither lag nor lame,
 Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roaring lion,
 For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin ;
 Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin,
 Tirlin the kirks ;
 Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
 Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend *Graunie* say,
 In lanelly glens ye like to stray ;

Or where auld, ruin'd castles, gray,
 Nod to the moon,
 Ye fright the nightly wand'r'er's way,
 Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my *Graunie* summon,
 To say her pray'rs, douce, honest woman!
 Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,
 Wi' eery drone ;
 Or, rustlin, thro' the boortries comin,
 Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
 The stars shot down wi' sklentin light,
 Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
 Ayont the lough ;
 Ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight,
 Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my sieve did shake,
 Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
 When wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick, quaick,
 Amang the springs,
 Awa ye squatter'd like a drake,
 On whistling wings.

Let *warlocks* grim, an' wither'd *hags*,
 Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,

They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed ;
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
Owre howkit dead.

Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain ;
For, O ! the yellow treasure's taen
By witching skill ;
An' dawtit', twal-pint *Hawkie's* gaen
As yell's the Bill.

Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse,
On young Guidmen, fond, keen, an' croule ;
When the best wark-lume i' the house,
By cantrip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jinglin icy-boord,
Then *Water-kelpies* haunt the foord,
By your direction,
An' nighted Trav'lers are allur'd
To their destruction.

An' aft your moss-traversing *Spunkies*
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is :

The bleezin, curst, mischevious monkies
 Delude his eyes,
 Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
 Ne'er mair to rise.

When *Masons* mystic word an' grip,
 In storms, an' tempests raise you up,
 Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
 Or, strange to tell!
 The youngest Brother ye wad whip
 Aff straught to h.ll.

Lang syne, in *Eden's* bonie yard,
 When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd
 An' all the Soul of Love they shar'd,
 The raptur'd hour,
 Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swair'd,
 In shady bow'r:

Then you, ye auld, snick-drawing dog!
 Ye cam to Paradise incog.,
 An' play'd on man a cursed brogue,
 (Black be your fa'!)
 An' gied the infant warld a shog,
 'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
 Wi' reekit duds, and reestit gizz,
 Ye did present your smoutie phiz,
 Mang better folk,
 An' iklented on the *man of Uzz*
 Your spitefu' joke?

An' how ye got him i' your thrall,
 An' brak him out o' house an' hal',
 While scabs an' botches did him gall,
 Wi' bitter claw,
 An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl,
 Was warst aya?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
 Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
 Sin' that day *Michael** did you pierce,
 Down to this time,
 Wadding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse,
 In prose or rhyme.

An' now, auld *Cloots*, I ken you're thinkin',
 A certain Bardie's rantin' drinkin',
 Some luckless hour will send him linkin',
 To your black pit;
 But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin',
 An' cheat you yet.

* Vide MILTON, Book VI.

But, fare you weel, auld *Nickie-ben!*
 O wad ye tak a thought an' men?
 Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
 Still hae a *stake*—
 I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
 Ev'n for your sake!

T H E
DEATH AND DYING WORDS

P. O. O R M. A I L I E,
 THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

An Unco. Mourfu' Tale.

A S *Mailie*, an' her lambs thegither,—
 Was ae day nibbling on the tether,
 Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
 An' owre she warl'd in the ditch:
 There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
 When *Hughoc* * he cam doytin by.

* A neibor herd-callan.

Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's,
 Poor Hughbo like a statue stan's ;
 He saw her days were near hand ended,
 But, waes my heart ! he could nae mend it !
 He gaped wide, but naething spak,
 At length poor Mailie silence brak.

‘ O thou, whase lamentable face
 Appears to mourn my woefu’ case !
 My *dying words* attentive hear,
 An’ bear them to my Master dear.

‘ Tell him, if e’er again he keep
 As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
 O, bid him never tie them mair
 Wi’ wicked strings o’ hemp or hair !
 But ca’ them out to park or hill,
 An’ let them wander at their will :
 So may his flock increase, an’ grow
 To scores o’ lambs, and packs of woo’ !

‘ Tell him, he was a Master kin’,
 An’ ay was guid to me an’ mine ;
 An’ now my dying charge I gie him,
 My helpless lambs, I trust them wi’ him.

‘ O, bid him save their harmless lives,
 Frae dogs an’ tod, an’ butchers knives !

But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel' ;
An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
Wi' teats o' hay an' ripps o' corn.

‘ An' may they never learn the gaets
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' *pets* !
To slink thro' slaps, an' reave an' steal,
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great Forbears,
For monie a year come thro' the sheers :
So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.

‘ My poor *toop-lamb*, my son an' heir,
O, bid him breed him up wi' care !
An' if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast !
An' warn him, what I winna name,
To stay content wi' yowes at hame ;
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes.

‘ An' niest my *yowie*, silly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether string !
O, may thou ne'er forgather up
Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop ;

But ay keep mind to moop an' mell
 Wi' sheep o' credit like thyself !

‘ And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
 I lea'e my blessein wi' you baith :
 An' when you think upo' your Mither,
 Mind to be kind to ane anither.

‘ Now, honest *Hughoc*, dinna fail
 To tell my Master a' my tale ;
 An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
 An' for thy pains thou'se get my blather.

This said, poor *Mailie* turn'd her head,
 An' clos'd her een amang the dead!

POOR MAILIE's ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
 Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose ;
 Our Bardie's fate is at a close,
 Past a' remead !
 The last sad cape-stane of his woes ;
 Poor *Mailie*'s dead !

Its no the loss o' warl's gear,
 That could sae bitter draw the tear,
 Or mak our Bardie, dowie, wear
 The mourning weed :
 He's lost a friend and neebor dear,
 In *Mailie* dead.

Thro' a' the toun she trotted by him ;
 A lang half-mile she could descry him ;
 Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
 She ran wi' speed :
 A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
 Than *Mailie* dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
 An' could behave hersel wi' mense :
 I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
 Thro' thievish greed.
 Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
 Sin' *Mailie*'s dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
 Her living image in her *yowe*,
 Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
 For bits o' bread ;
 An' down the briny pearls rowe
 For *Mailie* dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips;
 Wi' tawted ket, an' hairy hips ;
 For her forbears were brought in ships,
Frac yont the Tweed:
 A bonier flesh ne'er cross'd the clips
Than Mailie's dead.

Wat worth the man wha first did shape
 That vile, wanchancie thing—a rape !
 It maks guid fellows girn an' gape,
Wi' chokin dread;
 An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape
For Mailie dead.

O, a' ye Bards on bonie Doon !
 An' wha on Ayr your chanters tune !
 Come, join the melancholious croon
O' Robin's reed !
 His heart will never get aboon !
His Mailie's dead !

TO

J. S * * * *.

*Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweetner of Life, and solder of Society!
I owe thee much—*

BLAIR

DEAR S*****, the sleeest, paukie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
 Owre human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
 Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' sheon
 Just gaun to see you;
And ev'ry ither pair that's done,
 Mair ta'en I'm wi' you.

That auld, capricious carlin, Nature,
To mak amends for scrimpet stature,

She's turn'd you off, a human creature
 On her *first* plan,
 And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
 She's wrote *the Man.*

Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme,
 My barmie noddle's working prime,
 My fancy yerkit up sublime.
 Wi' hasty summon :
 Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
 To hear what's comin?

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash ;
 Some rhyme (vain thought !) for needfu'
 cash ;
 Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
 An' raise a din ;
 For me, an' aim I never fash ;
 I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
 Has fated me the russet coat,
 An' damn'd my fortune to the groat ;
 But, in requit,
 Has blest me with a random shot
 O' countra wit.

This while my notion's taen a sklent,
 To try my fate, in guid black *prent* ;
 But 'till the maid I'm that way bent,
 Something cries, ' Hoolie !
 ' I red ye, honest man, tak tent !
 ' Ye'll shaw your folly.

' There's ither Poets, much your betters,
 ' Far seen in *Greek*, deep men o' letters,
 ' Haethought they had ensur'd their debtors,
 ' A' future ages ;
 ' Now moths deform in shapeless tatters
 ' Their unknown pages.'

Then farewell hopes o' laurel-boughs,
 To garland my poetic brows !
 Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
 Are whistling thrang,
 An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
 My rustic sang.

I'll wander on with tentless heed,
 How never-halting moments speed,
 Till fate shall snap the brittle thread ;
 Then, all unknown,
 I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
 Forgot and gone !

'But why o' Death begin a tale ?
 'Just now we're living, sound an' hale;
 'Then top an maintop croud the sail,
 Heave Care o'er-side !
 'And large, before enjoyment's gale,
 Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand,
 Is a' enchanted fairy-land,
 Where Pleasure is the Magic Wand,
 That, wielded right,
 Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
 Dance by fu' light.

The magic-wand then let us wield ;
 For, ance that five-an'-forty's speel'd,
 See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild,
 Wi' wrinkle'd face,
 Comes hostin, hirplin owre the field,
 Wi' creeping pace.

When ance *life's day* draws near the
 gloamin,
 Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin ;
 An' fareweel chearfu' tankards foamin,
 An' social noise ;
 An' fareweel dear, deluding *woman*,
 The joy of joys !

O Life! how pleasant in thy morning,
 Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
 Cold-pausing Cautions lesson scorning,
 We frisk away,
 Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
 To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
 We eye the rose upon the brier,
 Unmindful that the thorn is near,
 Among the leaves;
 And tho' the puny wound appear,
 Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
 For which they never toil'd nor swat;
 They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
 But care or pain;
 And, haply, eye the barren but
 With high disdain.

With steady aim, some fortune chafe;
 Keen hope does ev'ry sinew brace;
 Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
 And seize the prey;
 Then canie, in some cozic place,
 They cloie the day.

And others, like your humble servant,
 Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin':
 To right or left, eternal swervin',
 They zig-zag on;
 Till curst with age, obscure an' starvin',
 They often groan.

Alas! what bitter toil an' straining—
 But truce with peevish, poor complaining!
 Is Fortune's fickle *Luna* waning?
 E'en let her gang!
 Beneath what light she has remaining,
 Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
 And kneel, 'Ye Pow'rs! and warm implore,
 Tho' I should wander *Tetra* o'er,
 In all her climes,
 Grant me but this, I ask no more,
 Ay rowth o' rhymes.

Gie creeping roasts to contra Lairds,
 Till icicles hing frae their beards;
 Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards,
 And Maids of Honor;
 And yill an' whisky gie to Cairds,
 Until they sconner.

• A Title, *Dempster* merits it ;
 • A garter gie to *Willie Pitt* ;
 • Gie Wealth to some be-ledger'd Cit,
 In cent. per cent. ;
 • But give me real, Sterling Wit,
 And I'm content.

" While Ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,
 " I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
 " Be't water-brose, or mussin-kail,
 Wi' chearfu' face,
 " As lang's the Muses dinna fail
 To say the grace."

Ah anxious e'e I never throws
 Behint my lug, or by my nose ;
 I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows
 As weel's I may ;
 Sworn foe to Sorrow, Care, and Prose,
 I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
 Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,
 Compar'd wi' you—O fool ! fool ! fool !
 How much unlike !
 Your hearts are just a standing pool,
 Your lives a dyke !

Nae hair-brain'd, sentimental traces,
 In your unletter'd nameles faces
 In *ariso* trills and graces
 Ye never stray,
 But *gravissimo*, solemn busses
 Ye hum away.

Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise;
 Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
 The hairum-seairum, ram-stam boys,
 The rattling squad:
 I see ye upward cast your eyes—
 —Ye ken the road—

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
 Wi' you I'll scarce gang *onywhere*—
 Then Jamie, I shall say nae mair,
 But quat my sang,
 Content with *Yon* to mak a pair,
 Whare'er I gang.

Hoof! hoof! hoof! O—say! in b'rigg'd—
 How wauw wauw!
 Yon! yon! yon! a fu' ers erise
 Yon! yon! yon!

A

D R E A M.

Thoughts, words, and deeds, the Statute
blames with reason;
But surely Dreams were ne'er indicted Treas-
son.

[On reading, in the public Papers, the *Laureate's Ode*, with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the Author was no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the Birth-day Levee; and, in his dreaming fancy, made the following Address.]

I.

GUID-MORNIN to your *Majesty!*
May heaven augment your blisses,
On ev'ry new *Birth-day* ye see,
A humble Bardie wishes!
My Bardship here, at your Levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
Amang thae *Birth-day* dresses
Sae fine this day..

II.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
 By many a lord an' lady ;
 ' God fave the King ! ' ' s a cuckoo sang
 That's unco easy said ay ;
 The Poets, too, a venal gang,
 Wi' rhymes weel turn'd and ready,
 Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
 But ay uncerring steady,
 On sic a day.

III.

For me ! before a Monarch's face,
 Ev'n *there* I winna flatter ;
 For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,
 Am I your humble debtor :
 So, nae reflection on *Your Grace*,
 Your Kingship to bespatter ;
 There's monie waur been o' the race,
 And ablins ane been better
 Than You this day.

IV.

'Tis very true, my sovereign King,
 My skill may weel be doubted :
 But Facts are cheels that winna ding,
 An' downa be disputed :

Your Royal Nest, beneath Your wing,
 Is e'en right ref't an' clouted,
 And now the third part of the string,
 An' icas, will gang about it,
 Than did ae day.

V.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
 To blame your Legislation,
 Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
 To rule this mighty nation;
 But, faith ! I muckle doubt, my Sire,
 Ye've trusted Ministratin:
 To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
 Wad better fill'd their station
 Than courts yon day..

VI.

And now ye've gien auld Britain peace,
 Her broken shins to plaister,
 Your fair taxation does her fleece,
 Till she has scarce a tester:
 For me, thank God ! my life's a lease,
 Nae bargain wearing faster,
 Or, faith ! I fear, that, wi' the geese,
 I shortly boost to pasture
 I' the craft some day.

VII.

I'm no mistrusting *Willie Pitt,*
 When taxes he enlarges,
 (An' *Will's* a true guid fallow's get,
 A name not Envy spairges),
 That he intends to pay your debt,
 An lessen a' your charges :
 But, G-d-sake ! let nae *saving-fit*
 Abridge your bonny Barges
 An' Boats this day.

VIII.

Adieu, my *Liege!* may Freedom geek
 Beneath your high protection ;
 An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck,
 And gie her for dissection !
 But sin' I'm here, I'll no neglect,
 In loyal, true affection,
 To pay your *Queen*, with due respect,
 My fealty an' subjection
 This great Birth-day.

IX.

Hail, *Majesty most Excellent !*
 While nobles strive to please Ye,
 Will Ye accept a Compliment
 A simple Bardie gies Ye ?
 Thac bonny Bairntime Heav'n has lent,

Still higher may they heeze Ye
In bliss, till Fate soime day is spent
For ever to release Ye

Erace that day.

*Was pseen a deere compeler
To thy swifte god*

X.
For you, young Potentate o' W—,

I tell your Highness fairily,
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling fails,

I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;
But some day ye may gnaw your nails,

An' curse your folly fairily,
That e'er you brake Diana's pales,

Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie

By night or day.

XI.

Yet aft a ragged Cow's been knowne

To mak a noble River;
Sae ye may doucely fill a Throne,

For a their chish-ma-claver.

There Him * at Agincourt wha shone,

Few better were or braver;

And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John †

He was an unco shaver

For monie a day.

* King Henry as requeene My self et quibus illa *

† Sir John Falstaff. See Shakespeare.

XII.

For you, right rev'rend O——g,
 Nane sets the lawn sleeve sweeter,
 Altho' a ribban at your lug
 Wad been a dress completer;
 As ye disawn yon naughty dog
 That bears the Keys o' Peter,
 Then, swith ! an' get a wife to hug,
 Ory troth ! ye'll stain the Mitre
 Some luckless day.

XIII.

Young, royal *Tarry Breeks*, I learn,
 Ye've lately come athwart her ;
 A glorious *Galley* *, stem and stern,
 Weel rigg'd for *Venus'* barter ;
 But first hang out, that she'll discern
 Your hymeneal charter,
 Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
 An' large upo' her quarter
 Come full that day.

XIV.

Ye, lastly, bonny blossoms a'
 Ye royal Lasses dainty,

* Alluding to the News-paper account of a certain Royal Sailor's amour.

Heav'n mak you guid as well as bra,
 An' gie you lads a-plenty :
 But sneer na *British boys* awa',
 For Kings are unco scant ay ;
 An' German Gentles are but *smā'*,
 They're better just than *want ay*
 On onie day.

P A L X V. I A U D

God bless you a' ! consider now,
 Ye're unco muckle daudet ;
 But ere the *course* o' life be through,
 It may be bitter saudet :
 An' I hae seen their *coggie* fou,
 That yet hae tarro' t at at ;
 But or the *day* was done, I trow,
 The laggen they hae claudet

Fu' clean that day.

and as how as bring you back again
 : viasq-s abst uoy
L A T H E
V I S I O N.

DUAN FIRST*.

THE sun had clos'd the winter-day,
 The Curlers quat their roaring play,
 An' hunger'd Mankin ta'en her way
 To kail-yards green,
 While faithleſſ snaws ilk step betray
 Whare she has been.
 The Thresher's weary flingin tree
 The lee-lang day had tired me;
 And when the day had clos'd his eie,
 Far i' the West,
 Ben i' the Spence, right pensivelie,
 I gaed to rest.

* *Duan*, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive Poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, vol. 2. of M^rPherson's Translation.

There, lanely, by the Ingle-cheek,
 I sat and ey'd the spew-ing reek,
 That fill'd wi' host-provoking smeeck,

The auld clay biggin,
 And heard the restless rottens squeak
 About the riggin.

All in this mottly, misty clime,
 I backward mus'd on wastet time,
 How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
 An' done na-thing,
 But stringin blethers up in rhyme
 For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
 I might, by this, hae led a market,
 Or strutted in a Bank, and clarkit
 My cash-account:
 While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-farkit,
 Is a' th' amount.

I started mutt'ring, blockhead ! coof!
 And heav'd on high my waukit loof,
 To swear by a' yon starry roof,
 Or some rash aith,
 That I, henceforth, would be rhyme-pr
 Till my last breath--

When click! the string the snick did draw,
 And jee! the door gaed to the wa;
 And by my ingle-low I saw,
Now bleezin bright,
 A tight outlandish *Hizzie*, braw,
Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht ;
 The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht ;
 I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht
In some wild glen ;
 When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht,
And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad *Holly-boughs*,
 Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows,
 I took her for some *Scottish Muse*,
By that same token ;
 And come to stop those reckless vows,
Would soon be broken.

A “hair-brain'd, sentimental trace”
 Was strongly marked in her face ;
 A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her ;
 Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen with Honour.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
 Till half a leg was scrimply seen ;
 And such a leg ! my bonny *Jean*
 Could only peer it ;
 Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean,
 Nane else came near it.

Her *Mantle* large, of greenish hue,
 My gazing wonder chiefly drew ;
 Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw
 A lustre grand ;
 And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
 A well-known Land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost ;
 There, mountains to the skies were toss'd ;
 Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast
 With surging foam ;
 There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
 The lordly dome.

Here, *Doon* pour'd down his far-fetch'd
 floods ;
 There, well-fed *Irwine* stately thuds ;
 Auld hermit *Ayr* staw thro' his woods,
 On to the shore ;
 And many a lesser torrent scuds,
 With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
 An ancient *Borough* rear'd her head ;
 Still, as in Scottish story read,
 She boasts a Race,
 To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
 And polish'd grace.

By stately tow'r, or palace fair,
 Or ruins pendent in the air,
 Bold stems of Heroes, here and there,
 I could discern ;
 Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
 With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
 To see a Race * heroic wheel,
 And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel
 In sturdy blows ;
 While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
 Their Suthron foes.

HIS COUNTRY'S SAVIOUR †, mark him well,
 Bold *Richardton's* ‡ heroic swell ;

* The Wallaces.

† William Wallace.

‡ Adam Wallace of Richardton, cousin to the immortal Preserver of Scottish Independence.

The Chief on *Sark* * who glorious fell,
 In high command ;
 And *He* whom ruthless Fates expell
 His native land.

There, where a scepter'd *Pictish* † shade
 Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
 I mark'd a martial Race, pourtray'd
 In colours strong ;
 Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd,
 They strode along.

‡ Thro' many a wild, romantic grove,
 Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove,
 (Fit haunts for Friendship or for love,
 In musing mood)

* Wallace, Laird of Craigie, who was second in command, under Douglas, Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought anno 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct, and intrepid valour, of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.

† Coilus, King of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family seat of the Montgomeries of Coils-field, where his burial-place is still shown.

‡ Barfiskimming, the seat of the Lord Justice Clerk.

An aged Judge, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good.

* With deep-struct, reverential awe,
The learned Sire and Son I saw,
To Nature's God and Nature's law
They gave their lore,
This, all its source and end to draw,
That, to adore.

Brydon's brave Ward † I well could spy,
Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye ;
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
To hand him on,
Where many a Patriot-name on high
And Hero shone.

D U A N S E C O N D.

With musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
I view'd the heavenly-seeming Fair ;
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
Of kindred sweet,
When with an elder Sister's air
She did me greet.

* Catrine, the seat of the late Doctor, and present Professor Stewart.

† Colonel Fullarton.

- All hail ! my own inspired Bard !
- In me thy native Muse regard !
- Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
 ‘ Thus poorly low !
- I come to give thee such reward
 ‘ As we bestow.

- Know, the great *Genius* of this Land
- Has many a light, aerial band,
- Who, all beneath his high command,
 ‘ Harmoniously,
- As Arts or Arms they understand,
 ‘ Their labours ply.

- They *Scotia's* Race among them share ;
- Some fire the Soldier on to dare ;
- Some rouse the Patriot up to bare
 ‘ Corruption's heart :
- Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
 ‘ The tuneful art.

- Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
- They ardent, kindling spirits pour ;
- Or, mid the venal Senate's roar,
 ‘ They, sightless, stand,
- To mend the honest Patriot-lore,
 ‘ And grace the hand.

- And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,
• Charm or instruct the future age,
- They bind the wild Poetic rage
 In energy,
- Or point the inconclusive page
 Full on the eye.

- Hence, *Fullarton*, the brave and young;
- Hence, *Dempster's* zeal-inspired tongue;
- Hence, sweet harmonious *Beattie* sung
 His "Minstrel lays;"
- Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
 The *Sceptic's* bays.

- To lower orders are assign'd
- The humbler ranks of Human-kind,
- The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,
 The Artisan ;
- All chuse, as various they're inclin'd,
 The various man.

- When yellow waves the heavy grain,
- The threatening storm, some, strongly,
 rein;
- Some teach to meliorate the plain
 With tillage skill;
- And some instruct the Shepherd train,
 Blythe o'er the hill.

‘ Some hint the Lover’s harmless wile ;
 ‘ Some grace the Maiden’s artless smile ;
 ‘ Some soothe the Lab’rers weary toil,
 ‘ For humble gains,
 ‘ And make his cottage-scenes beguile
 ‘ His cares and pains.

‘ Some, bounded to a district-space,
 ‘ Explore at large Man’s infant race,
 ‘ To mark the embryotic trace
 ‘ Of rustic Bard ;
 ‘ And careful note each op’ning grace,
 ‘ A guide and guard.

‘ Of these am I—Coila my name ;
 ‘ And this district as mine I claim,
 ‘ Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
 ‘ Held ruling pow’r :
 ‘ I mark’d thy embryo-tuneful flame,
 ‘ Thy natal hour.

‘ With future hope, I oft would gaze,
 ‘ Fond, on thy little early ways,
 ‘ Thy rudely-careoll’d, chiming phrase,
 ‘ In uncouth rhymes,
 ‘ Fir’d at the simple artless lays
 ‘ Of other times.

- I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
- Delighted with the dashing roar ;
- Or when the North his fleecy store
 ‘ Drove thro’ the sky,
- I saw grim Nature’s visage hoar
 ‘ Struck thy young Eye.

- Or when the deep green-mantl’d Earth
- Warm cherish’d ev’ry flow’ret’s birth,
- And joy and music pouring forth
 ‘ In ev’ry grove,
- I saw thee eye the gen’ral mirth
 ‘ With boundless love.

- When ripen’d fields, and azure skies,
- Call’d forth the Reaper’s rustling noise,
- I saw thee leave their ev’ning joys,
 ‘ And lonely stalk,
- To vent thy bosom’s swelling rise
 ‘ In pensive walk.

- When youthful Love, warm-blushing
 ‘ strong,
- Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
- Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
 ‘ Th’ adored Name,
- I taught thee how to pour in song,
 ‘ To soothe thy flame.

‘ I saw thy pulse’s maddening play,
 ‘ Wild send thee Pleasure’s devious way,
 ‘ Misled by Fancy’s meteor-ray,
 ‘ By Passion driven ;
 ‘ But yet the *light* that led astray
 ‘ Was *light* from Heaven.

‘ I taught thy manners-painting strains,
 ‘ The loves, the ways of simple swains,
 ‘ Till now, o’er all my wide domains
 ‘ Thy fame extends ;
 ‘ And some, the pride of *Coila*’s plains,
 ‘ Become thy friends.

‘ Thou canst not learn, nor I can show,
 ‘ To paint with *Thomson*’s landscape glow ;
 ‘ Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
 ‘ With *Shenstone*’s art ;
 ‘ Or pour, with *Gray*, the moving flow
 ‘ Warm on the heart,

‘ Yet, all beneath th’ unrivall’d Rose,
 ‘ The lowly Daisy sweetly blows ;
 ‘ Tho’ large the forest’s Monarch throws
 ‘ His army shade,
 ‘ Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows,
 ‘ Adown the glade.

‘ Then never murmur nor repine ;
 ‘ Strive in thy humble sphere to shine ;
 ‘ And trust me, not *Potosi’s* mine,
 , Nor King’s regard,
 ‘ Can give a bliss o’ermatching thine,
 ‘ *A rustic Bard.*

‘ To give my counsels all in one,
 ‘ Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ;
 ‘ Preserve *the dignity of Man,*
 ‘ With Soul erect ;
 ‘ And trust, the *Universal Plan*
 ‘ Will all protect.

‘ *And wear thou this*’—she solemn said,
 And bound the *Holly* round my head :
 The polish’d leaves and berries red,
 Did rustling play ;
 And like a passing thought, she fled
 In light away.

A D D R E S S
 TO THE
 U N C O G U I D,
 OR THE
 RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

*My Son, these maxims make a rule,
 And lump them ay thegither ;
 The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
 The Rigid Wise anither :
 The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
 May hae some pyles o' caff in ;
 So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
 For random fits o' daffin.*

SOLomon.—Eccles. ch. vii. verse 16.

I.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel,
 Sae pious and sae holy,
 Ye've nougnt to do but mark and tell
 Your Neebours' faults and folly !

L

Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
 Supply'd wi' store o' water,
 The heapet happer's ebbing still,
 And still the clap plays clatter.

II.

Hear me, ye venerable Core,
 As counsel for poor mortals,
 That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
 For glaikit Folly's portals ;
 I, for their thoughtless, careless fakes,
 Would here propone defences,
 Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
 Their failings and mischances.

III.

Ye see your state wi' their's compar'd,
 And shudder at the niffer,
 But cast a moment's fair regard,
 What maks the mighty differ ;
 Discount what scant occasion gave,
 That purity ye pride in,
 And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
 Your better art o' hiding.

IV.

Think, when your castigated pulse
 Gies now and then a wallop,

What ragings must his veins convulse,
 That still eternal gallop :
 Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
 Right on ye scud your sea-way :
 But, in the teeth o' baith to fail,
 It maks an unco leeway.

V.

See Social Life and Glee sit down;
 All joyous and unthinking,
 Till quite transmugrify'd they're grown
 Debauchery and Drinking :
 O would they stay to calculate
 Th' eternal consequences ;
 Or your more dreaded hell to state,
 Damnation of expences !

VI.

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,
 Ty'd up in godly laces,
 Before you gie poor *Frailty* names,
 Suppose a change o' cafes ;
 A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,
 A treacherous inclination —
 But, let me whisper i' your lug,
 Ye're ablins nae temptation.

VII.

Then gently scan your brother Man,
 Still gentler sister woman ;
 Tho' they may gang a kennin' wrang,
 To step aside is human :
 One point must still be greatly dark,
 The moving *Why* they do it ;
 And just as lamely can ye mark,
 How far perhaps they rue it.

VIII.

Who made the heart, 'tis *He* alone
 Decidedly can try us, *He* knows each chord its various tone,
 Each spring its various bias :
 Then at the balance let's be mute,
 We never can adjust it ;
 What's *done* we partly may compute,
 But know not what's *refused*.

T A M S A M S O N ' s *

E L E G Y

*An honest man's the noblest work of God—
Pope.*

H A S auld K***** seen the Deil ?
Or great M***** † thrawn his heel ?
Or R***** ‡ again grown weel,
To preach an' read ?
' Na, waur than a ! ' cries ilka chiel,
Tam Samson's dead !

* When this worthy old Sportsman went out last muir-fowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Offian's phrase, ' the last of his fields ; ' and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the Author composed his Elegy and Epitaph.

† A certain Preacher, a great favourite with the Million. *Vide the ORDINATION, p. 70.*

‡ Another Preacher, an equal favourite with the Few, who was at that time ailing. For him see also the *ORDINATION, stanza IX.*

K***** lang may grunt an' grain,
 An' sigh an' fab, an' greet her lane,
 An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
 In mourning weed ;
 To Death she's dearly paid the kane,
 Tam Samson's dead !

The Brethren o' the mystic *level*
 May hing their head in wofu' bevel,
 While by their nose the tears will revel,
 Like ony bead ;
 Death's gien the Lodge an unco *devel*,
 Tam Samson's dead !

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
 And binds the mire like a rock ;
 When to the loughs the Curlers flock,
 Wi' gleesome spied,
 Wha will they station at the *cock*,
 Tam Samson's dead ?

He was the king o' a' the Core,
 To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
 Or up the rink like *Jehu* roar,
 In time o' need ;
 But now he lags on Death's *bog-score*,
 Tam Samson's dead !

Now safe the stately Sawmont sail,
 And Trout bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
 And Eels weel kend for souple tail,
 And Ged's for greed,
 Since dark in Death's *fish creel* we wail
 Tam Samson dead !

Rejoice, ye birring Paitricks a' ;
 Ye cootie Moorcocks, crouesly craw ;
 Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,
 Withoutten dread ;
 Your mortal Fae is now awa',
 Tam Samson's dead !

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd
 Saw him in shootin' graith adorn'd,
 While pointers round impatient burn'd,
 Frae couples freed ;
 But Och ! he gaed and ne'er return'd !
 Tam Samson's dead !

In vain Auld-age his body batters ;
 In vain the Gout his ancles setters ;
 In vain the burns cam down like waters,
 An acre-braid !
 Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters,
 Tam Samson's dead !

Owre mony a weary hag he limpit,
 An' ay the tither shot he thumpit,
 Till coward Death behint him jumpit,
 Wi' deadly feide ;
 Now he proclaims wi' tout o' trumpet,
 Abba dooms Tam Samson's dead !

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
 He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,
 But yet he drew the mortal trigger
 Wi' wee aim'd heed ;
 'L—d, five !' he cry'd, an' owre did stag-
 Abba dooms Tam Samson's dead !

Ilk hoary Hunter mourn'd a brither ;
 Ilk Sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father ;
 Yonauld gray stane, amang the hether,
 Marks out his head,
 Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether,
 Tam Samson's dead !

When August winds the hether wave,
 And Sportsmen wander by yon grave,
 Three vollies let his mem'ry crave
 O' pouther an' lead,
 Till Echo answer frae her cave
 Tam Samson's dead !

Heav'n rest his faul, whare'er he be !
 Is th' wish o' mony mae than me :
 He had twa faults, or maybe three,
 Yet what remead !

Ac social, honest man want we :

Tam Samson's dead !

THE EPISTAPHY

Tam Samson's week-worn clay here lies,
Ye canting Zealots, spare him !
If Honest Worth in Heaven rise,
Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly
 Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie*,
 Tell ev'ry social honest billie
 To cease his grievin,
 For yet, unskaith'd by Death's gleg gullie,
 Tam Samson's livin !

* *Killie* is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for the name of a certain town in the West.

(27)

! sed ed rofondw , dail aid flot a'vassH
! emu nadie eam t'gost 'o dilit 'dil
! eesee edyse ihucce , or usayde ihucce
! ! Ye de wairt remeayd

: ew iessw nemi flenod lialool SA

THE following POEM will, by many Readers, be well enough understood; but, for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, Notes are added, to give some account of the principal Charms and Spells of that night, so big with Prophecy to the Peasantry in the West of Scotland. The passion of prying into Futurity makes a striking part of the history of Human Nature, in its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the Author with a perusal, to see the remains of it, among the more unenlightened in our own.

Go' Lassie , ay , cawtter like a gill
T'will 'a' eliven 'n' aiseff 'o' oot
sillid flenod lialool yr 'e'll T
givsing ait elasg o' T
eiling yoly 'a' dilit 'dil h'ihucce , say to T
lairid a'ndollan war

els amilidol ellid-yunus o'c' coonby a'ndollan *
AisW o'c' a'ndollan a'ndollan o'c' coonby a'ndollan

H A L L O W E E N.*

II

*Yes! let the Rich deride, the Proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.*

GOLDSMITH.

UPON that night, when Fairies light
On *Cassilis Downans*† dance,
Or owe the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly courses prance;
Or for *Colean* the rout is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;

* Is thought to be a night when Witches, Devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful, midnight errands; particularly those aerial people, the Fairies, are said, on that night, to hold a grand Anniversary.

† Certain little, romantic, rocky green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

There, up the *Cove**, to stray an' rove,
 Amang the rocks an' streams
 To sport that night.

H.

Amang the bonie, winding banks,
 Where *Doon* rins, wimplin, clear,
 Where *BRUCE†* aince rul'd the martial
 ranks,
 An' shook his *Carrick* spear,
 Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
 Together did convene,
 To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
 An' had their *Halloween*
 Fu' blythe that night.

III.

The lassesfeat, an' cleanly neat,
 Mair braw than when they're fine;
 Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
 Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':

* A noted cavern near Colean house, called the Cove of Colean; which, as well as Caffilis Downans, is famed, in country story, for being a favourite haunt of Faries.

† The famous family of that name, the ancestors of ROBERT, the great Deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carwick.

The lads sae trig, wi' wooper-babs,
 Weel knotted on their garten,
 Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,
 Gar lasses hearts gang startin,
 Whyles fast at night.

IV.

Then, first an' foremost, thro, the kail,
 Their *stocks** maun a' be sought aince ;
 They steek their een, an' grape an' wale,
 For mucle anes, an' straught anes.
 Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
 An' wander'd thro' the *Bow-kail*,

* The first ceremony of Halloween is, pulling each a *Stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with : its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their Spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune ; and the taste of the *cusloc*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runtis*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door ; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the *runtis*, the names in question.

An' pou't, for want o' better shift,
 A runt was like a sow-tail,
 Sae bow't that night.

V.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
 They roar an' cry a' throu'ther ;
 The vera wee-things, toddlin, rin,
 Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther ;
 An' gif the *custock's* sweet or sour,
 Wi' joctelegs they taste them ;
 Syne coziely, aboon the door,
 Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them
 To lie that night.

VI.

The lasses staw frae' mang them a'
 To pou their *stalks o' corn* * ;
 But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
 Behint the muckle thorn :
 He gripped Nelly hard an' fast ;
 Loud skirl'd a' the lasses ;

* They go to the barn-yard, and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of Oats. If the third stalk wants the *top-pickle*, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage bed any thing but a Maid.

But her *tap-pickle* maist was lost,
 When kiutlin i' the Faufe-houſe †
 Wi' him that night.

VII.

The auld Guidwife's weel-hoorded *nits* ‡
 Are round an' round divided,
 An' monie lads an' lasses fates
 Are there that night decided ;
 Some kindle, couthie, fide by fide,
 An' *burn* thegither trimly ;
 Some start awa, wi' saucy pride,
 An' jump out-owre the chimlie
 Fu' high that night.

VIII.

Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie e'e ;
 Wha 'twas, she wadna tell ;

† When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c. makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind ; this he calls a *Fause-houſe*.

‡ Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire ; and according as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the Courtship will be.

But this is *Jock*, an' this is *me*,
 She says in to hersel':
He bleez'd owre her, and she owre him,
 As they wad never mair part,
 Till fuff! he started up the lum',
 An' Jean had e'en a fair heart
 To see't that night.

IX.

Poor Willie, wi' his *bow-kail runt*,
 Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie;
 An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt,
 To be compar'd to Willie:
 Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling,
 An' her ain fit it brunt it;
 While Willie lap, an' swoore *by jing*,
 'Twas just the way he wanted
 To be that night.

X.

Nell had the Fause-house in her min',
 She pits hersel an' Rob in;
 In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
 Till white in ase they're sobbin':
 Nell's heart was dancin at the view;
 She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't:

Rob, stownlins, prie'd her bonny mous,
 Fu' cozie in the neuk fort,
 Unseen that night.

XI.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
 Her thoughts on Andrew Bell ;
 She lea'es them gashin at their cracks,
 An' slips out by hersel :
 She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
 An' to the kiln she goes then,
 An' darklins grapit for the bauks,
 And in the *blue clue* * throws then,
 Right fear't that night.

XII.

An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,
 I wat she made nae jaukin ;
 Till someting held within the pat,
 Guid L—d ! but she was quakin !

* Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the *kiln*, and, darkling, throw into the *pot* a clew of blue yarn; wind it in a new clew off the old one; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread: demand, *wba hauds?* i. e. who holds? and answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and Surname of your future Spouse.

But whether 'twas the Deil himsel,
 Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
 Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
 She did na wait on talkin
 To spier that night.

XIII.

Wee Jenny to her Graunie says,
 " Will ye go wi' me, Graunie ?
 ' I'll eat the apple * at the glaſs,
 ' I gat frae uncle Johnie :'"
 She fuff't her pipe wi' ſic a lunt,
 In wrath ſhe was fae vap'rin,
 She notic't na, an aizle brunt
 Her braw new worſet apron
 Out thro, that night.

XIV.

" Ye little Skelpie-limmer's face !
 ' I daur you try ſic fportin,
 ' As feek the foul Thief ony place,
 ' For him to ſpac your fortune :

* Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glaſs; eat an apple before it; and ſome traditions ſay, you ſhould comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjuſgal companion, to be, will be ſeen in the glaſs, as if peeping over your shoulder.

• Nae doubt but ye may get a *fight* !
 • Great cause ye hae to fear it ;
 • For monie aane has gotten a fright,
 • An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret,
 • On sic a night.

XV.

• Ae Hearst afore the Sherra-moor,
 • I mind't as weel's yestreen,
 • I was a gilpey then, I'm sure
 • I was na past fyfteen :
 • The Simmer had been cauld an' wat,
 • An' stuff was unco green ;
 • An' ay a rantin kirn we gat,
 • An' just on *Halloween*
 • It fell that night.

XVI.

• Our Stibble-rigg was Rab M'Graen,
 • A clever, sturdy fallow ;
 • His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
 • That liv'd in Achmacalla :
 • He gat *hemp-seed* *, I mind it weel,
 • An' he made unco light o't ;

* Steal out unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed, harrowing it with any thing you can

• But monie a day was *by himself*,
 • He was fa fairly frightened
 ‘ That vera night.’

XVII.

Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck,
 An’ he swoor by his conscience,
 That he could *saw hemp-seed* a peck ;
 For it was a’ but nonsense :
 The auld guidman raught down the pock,
 An’ out a handfu’ gied him ;
 Syne bad him slip frac ’mang the folk,
 Some time when nae ane see’d him,
 An’ try’t that night.

XVIII.

He marches thro’ amang the stacks,
 Tho’ he was something sturtin ;

conveniently draw after you. Repeat, now and then,
 “ Hemp-seed I saw thee, Hemp-seed I saw thee ;
 “ and him (or her) that is to be my true-love, come
 “ after me and pou thee.” Look over your left
 shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the per-
 son invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some
 traditions say, “ Come after me and shaw thee,” that
 is, show thyself; in which case it simply appears.
 Others omit the harrowing, and say, “ Come after
 “ me and harrow thee.”

The *graip* he for a *barrow* taks
 An' hauls at his curpin :
 And ev'ry now an' then, he says,
 " Hemp-seed I saw thee,
 An' her that is to be my lass,
 Come after me an' draw thee
 As fast that night."

XIX.

He whistl'd up Lord Lenox' march,
 To keep his courage cheary ;
 Altho' his hair began to arch,
 He was sae fley'd an' eerie :
 Till presently he hears a squeak,
 An' then a grane an' gruntle ;
 He by his shouther gae a keek,
 An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle
 Out-owre that night.

XX.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
 In dreadfu' desperation !
 An' young an' auld come rinnin out,
 An' hear the sad narration :
 He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,
 Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
 Till stop ! she trotted thro' them a' ;
 An' wha was it but *Grumphie*
 Asteer that night !

XXI.

Meg fain wad to the *Barn* gaen,
 To winn three wechts o' naething * ;
 But for to meet the Deil her lane,
 She pat but little faith in :
 She gies the Herd a pickle nits,
 An' twa red checkit apples,
 To watch, while for the *Barn* she sets,
 In hopes to see Tam Kipples
 That vera night.

XXII.

She turns the key, wi' cannie thraw,
 An' owre the threshold ventures ;
 But first on Sawnie gies a ca' ;
 Syne bauldly in she enters :

* This charm must likewise be performed unperceived and alone. You go to the *barn*, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible; for there is danger, that the *being*, about to appear, may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country-dialect, we call a *wecht*, and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third time, an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life.

A ratton rattl'd up the wa',
 An' she cry'd, L—d preserve her!
 An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
 And pray'd wi' zeal an' fervour,
 Fu' fast that night.

XXIII.

They hoy't out Will, wi' fair advice,
 They hecht him some fine braw ane,
 It chanc'd the Stack he faddom't thrice*,
 Was timmer-propt for thrawin':
 He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
 For some black, grousome Carlin;
 An' leet a winze, an' drew a stroke,
 Till skin in blypes cam haurlin'
 Aff's nieves that night.

XXIV.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As cantie as a kittlin';
 But, Och! that night, amang the shaws,
 She gan a fearfu' settlin'.
 She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
 An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,

* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a Bear-stack, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

Whare three Laird's lands met at a burn,*
To dip her left sark-sleeve in.
Was bent that night.

XXV.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays:
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzel;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazel
Unseen that night.

XXVI.

Amang the brachens on the brae,
Between her an' the moon,
The Deil, or else an outler Quey,
Gat up an' gae a croon:

* You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south-running spring or rivulet, where "three Laird's lands meet," and dip your left shirt-sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake; and, some time near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool ;
 Near lav'rock-height she jumpit,
 But mist a fit, an' in the *Pool*
 Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
 Wi' a plunge that night.

XXVII.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
 The *Luggies* three * are ranged ;
 An' ev'ry time great care is ta'en
 To see them duly changed :
 Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
 Sin' *Mar's-year* did desire,
 Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
 He heav'd them on the fire,
 In wrath that night.

* Take three dishes; put clean water in one, foul water in another, and leave the third empty: blind-fold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged; he (or she) dips the left hand; if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of Matrimony a maid; if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty dish, it foretells, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times; and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

XXVIII.

Wi' merry langs, an' friendly cracks,
 I wat they did na weary ;
 And unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
 Their sports were cheap an cheary :
 Till butter'd So'ns *, wi' fragrant lunt,
 Set a' their gabs a-steerin ;
 Syne, wi' a social glaas o' strunt,
 They parted aff careerin
 Fu blythe that night.

* Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them,
 is always the *Halloween Supper*.

T H E.

AULD FARMER'S
NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION

TO HIS

AULD MARE, MAGGIE,

*On giving her the accustomed Ripp of Corn
 to Hansel in the New-Year.*

A GUID New-year I wish thee Maggie !
 Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie :
 Tho' thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie,
 I've seen the day,
 Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie
 Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
 An' thy auld hide as white's a daisie,
 I've seen thee dappl't, sleek an' glaizie,
 A bonic gray ;
 He should been tight that daur't to *raize* thee,
 Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the formost rank,
 A *filly* buirdly, steeve, an' swank,
 An' set weel down a shapely shank
 As e'er tread yird;
 An' could hae flown out-owre a stank
 Like onie bird.

It's now some nine an'-twenty year,
 Sin' thou was my Guid-fathers *Meere*;
 He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
 An' fifty mark;
 Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel won-gear,
 An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my *Jenny*,
 Ye then was trottin wi' your Minnie :
 Tho' ye was trickie, flee, an' funnie,
 Ye ne'er was donsie;
 But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
 An' unco sonsie.

That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
 When ye bure hame my bonie *Bride* :
 An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride,
 Wi' maiden air !
Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide,
 For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyt and hoble,
 An' wintle like a faumont-coble,
 That day, ye was a jinker noble,
 For heels an' win' !

An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
 Far, far behin' !

When thou an' I were young an' skiegh,
 An' stable-meals at Fairs were driegh,
 How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skriegh,
 An' tak the road !

Town's-bodies ran, an' stood abiegh,
 An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
 We took the road ay like a swallow :
 At *Brooses* thou had ne'er a fellow,
 For pith an' speed ;
 But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
 Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma', droop-rumpl't, hunter cattle,
 Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle ;
 But fax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,
 An' gar't them whaizle :
 Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
 O' laugh or hazle.

Thou was a noble *Fittie-lan'*,
 As e'er in tug or tow was drawn !
 Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,
 On guid March-weather,
 Hae turn'd fax rood beside our han'
 For days thegither.

Thou never braindg't, an' fech't, an' fliskit,
 But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
 An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
 Wi' pith an' power,
 Till spritty knowes wad rair't an' risket,
 An' slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
 An' threaten'd labor back to keep,
 I gied thy *cog* a wee-bit heap
 Aboon the timmer ;
 I ken'd my *Maggie* wad na sleep
 For that, or Simmer.

In cart or car thou never reestit ;
 The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it ;
 Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breasttit,
 Then stood to blaw ;
 But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
 Thou snoov't awa.

My *pleugh* is now thy bairntime a' ;
 Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw ;
 Forbye sax mae I've sell't awa,
 That thou hast nurst :
 They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
 The vera warst.

Monie a fair daurk we twa hae wrought,
 An' wi' the weary warl' fought !
 An' monie an anxious day I thought
 We wad be beat !
 Yet here to crazy age we're brought ;
 Wi' something yet.

An' think na', my auld trusty servan',
 That now perhaps thou's less deservin',
 An' thy auld days may end in starvin',
 For my last *fow*,
 A heapet *Stimpart*, I'll reserve ane
 Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither ;
 We'll toyte about wi' ane anither ;
 Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether
 To some hain'd rig,
 Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
 Wi' sma' fatigues.

T H E

C O O T . T E R ' s
 S A T U R D A Y N I G H T .

INSCRIBED TO R. A***, Esq.

*Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor Grandeur bear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the Poor.*

GRAY.

MY lov'd, my honour'd, much re-
 spected friend !

No mercenary Bard his homage pays ;
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and
 praise :

To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene,
 The native feelings strong, the guileless
 ways,

What A**** in a Cottage would have
been ;
Ah ! tho' his worth unknown, far happier
there, I ween !

II.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry fugh ;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;
The black'ning trains o' crows to their
repose :
The toil-worn *Cotter* frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his
hoes,
Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does
hameward bend.

III.

At length his lonely Cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
Th' expectant *wee-things*, toddlin, stacher
through
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise
and glee.

His wee-bit ingle blinkin' bonilie,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty *Wife's*
 smile,
 The lisping infant, prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary kiaugh and care be-
 guile,
 And makes him quite forget his labor and
 his toil.

IV.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drappin in,
 At service out amang the Farmers roun';
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some ten-
 tie rin.

A cannie errand to a neebor town;
 Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman-
 grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in
 her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new
 gown,
 Or deposite her fair-won penny-fee,
 To help her Parents dear, if they in hard-
 ship be.

V.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters
 meet,
 And each for other's weelfare kindly
 spiers:

The social hours, swift-wing'd unnotic'd fleet ;
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.
 The Parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
 Anticipation forward points the view ;
 The *Mother*, wi' her needle and her sheers,
 Gars auld claes look amait as weel's the new ;
 The *Father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their Master's and their mistress's command,

The youngkers a' are warned to obey ;
 And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
 And ne'er, tho' out o' fight, to jauk or play ;
 ‘ And O ! be sure to fear the **LORD** alway !
 ‘ And mind your *duty*, duely, morn and night !
 ‘ Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 ‘ Implore his counsel and assisting might :
 ‘ They never sought in vain that sought the
 ‘ **LORD** aright.’

Placed below a few lines of the previous page.

VII.

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door,
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her
hame.

The wily Mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in *Jenny*'s e'e, and flush her
cheek,
With heart-struck, anxious care, enquires
his name,
While *Jenny* hafflins is afraid to speak ;
Weel pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae
wild, worthless Rake.

VIII.

With kindly welcome, *Jenny* brings him
ben ;
A strappan youth ; he takes the Mother's
eye ;
Blythe *Jenny* sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;
The Father cracks o' horses, pleughs,
and kye.
The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi'
joy,
But blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel
behave ;
The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy

What makes the Youth sae bashfu' and
sae grave ;
Weel-pleas'd to think her *bairn's* respected
like the lave.

IX.

O happy love ! where love like this is
found !

O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond com-
pare !

I've paced much this weary, *mortal round*,
And sage *Experience* bids me this de-
clare —

- ‘ If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure
 ‘ spare,
- ‘ One cordial in this melancholy Vale,
- ‘ ’Tis when a youthful, loving, modest Pair,
- ‘ In other’s arms, breathe out the tender
 ‘ tale,
- ‘ Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents
 ‘ the ev’ning gale.’

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a
heart —

A Wretch ! a Villain ! lost to love and
truth !

O

That can, with studied, fly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling
smooth!

Are Honour, Virtue, Conscience, all
exil'd?

Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,
Points to the Parents fondling o'er their
Child?

Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their
distraction wild!

XI.

But now the Supper crowns their simple
board,

The healsome *Porritch*, chief of Scotia's
food;

The soupe their only *Hawkie* does afford,
That yont the ballan snugly chows her
cood;

The Dame brings forth, in complimentary
mood,

To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd keb-
buck, fell,

And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How twas a towmond auld sin' Lint was
i' the bell.

XII.

The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;

The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big *ha'-Bible*, ance his Father's pride ;

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare ;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,

He wales a portion with judicious care ;
'And let us worship God !' he says with solemn air.

XIII.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;

They tune their hearts by far the noblest aim :

Perhaps *Dundee's* wild-warbling measures rise,

Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name ;

Or noble *E/gin* beats the heaven-ward flame,

The sweetest far of *Scotia's* holy lays :

Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame ;

The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures
raise ;
Nae unison hae they with our *Creator's*
praise.

XIV.

The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,
How *Abram* was the *Friend of GOD* on
high ;
Or *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage
With *Amalek*'s ungracious progeny ;
Or how the *royal Bard* did groaning lye,
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging
ire ;
Or *Job*'s pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
Or rapt *Isaiah*'s wild, seraphic fire ;
Or other Holy Seers that tune the sacred
lyre.

XV.

Perhaps the *Christian Volume* is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was
shed ;
How *He*, who bore in Heaven the second
name,
Had not on Earth whereon to lay His
head :

How His first followers and servants sped :

The Precepts sage they wrote to many a land :

How he, who lone in *Patmos* banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty Angel stand,
And heard great *Bab'lon's* doom pronounc'd
by Heav'n's command.

XVI.

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,

The *Saint*, the *Father*, and the *Husband*
prays :

Hope ' springs exulting on triumphant wing *,'

That *thus* they all shall meet in future days :

There ever bask in uncreated rays,

No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their *Creator's* praise,

In such society, yet still more dear ;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

* Pope's Windsor Forest.

XVII.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's
pride,

In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The Power, incens'd, the Pageant will
desert,

The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole
But haply in some *Cottage* far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of
the Soul ;
And in His *Book of Life* the Inmates poor
enroll.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral
way ;

The youngling Cottagers retire to rest ;
The parent-pair their *secret homage* pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm re-
quest,

That *He* who stills the raven's clam'rous
nest,

And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His Wisdom sees the
best,

For them and for their little ones provide ;
 But chiefly, in their hearts with *Grace divine* preside.

XIX.

From scenes like these old *Scotia's* grandeur springs,

That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad :

Princes and lords are but the breath of Kings,

‘ An honest man’s the noble work of God : ’

And certes, in fair *Virtue's* heavenly road,
 The *Cottage* leaves the *Palace* far behind :

What is a lordling’s pomp ? a cumbrous load,

Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin’d !

XX.

O *Scotia* ! my dear, my native soil !

For whom my warmest wish to heaven
 is sent !

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !

And, O ! may Heaven their simple lives
prevent

From Luxury's contagion, weak and
vile !

Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,

A virtuous Populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-
lov'd Isle.

XXI.

O Thou ! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wal-
lace's heart ;

Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part :
(The Patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and re-
ward !)

O never, never Scotia's realm desert,
But still the Patriot, and the Patriot-
Bard,

In bright succession raise, her Ornament
and Guard !

T O A.

M O U S E,

*On turning her up in her Nest, with the
Plough, November 1785.*

WEE, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie !
Thou need nae start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle !
I wad be laith to rin an' chafe thee,
 Wi' murd'ring pattle !

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
 Which makes thee startle,
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal !

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve ;
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
A daimen-icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request ;

I'll get a blesſin wi' the lave,
An' never mif'st !

Thy wee-bit *houſie*, too, in ruin !
It's ſilly wa's the win's are ſtrewin !
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green !
An' bleak December's winds enſuin,
Baith ſnell an' keen !

Thou ſaw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary Winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash ! the cruel *coulter* paſt
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' ſtibble,
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble !
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the Winter's ſleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving *foresight* may be vain :
The best-laid ſchemes o' *Mice* an' *Men*
Gang aft a-gley,

An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy !

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me ?
The present only toucheth thee :
But, Och ! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear !
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I gues an' fear !

A

WINTER NIGHT.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pityless storm !
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend
you
From seasons such as these —

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN biting Boreas, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r ;
When Phæbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r,
Far south the lift,

Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
Or whirling drift.

At night the Storm the steeples rocked,
Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-choked,
 Wild eddying swirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
 Down headlong hurl.

List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
 O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle,
 Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, we helpless thing!
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
 What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
 An' close thy e'e?

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exil'd,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote
spoil'd,
 My heart forgets,

While pityless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,
Dark-muffl'd, view'd the dreary plain ;
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow-solemn, stole—

“ Blow, blow, ye Winds, with heavier
‘ gust !
‘ And freeze, thou bitter-biting Frost !
‘ Descend, ye chilly, smothering Snows !
‘ Not all your rage, as now, united shows
‘ More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
‘ Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
‘ Than heaven-illumin'd Man on brother
‘ Man bestows !
‘ See stern Oppression's iron grip,
‘ Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
‘ Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
‘ Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land !
‘ Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
‘ Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,

‘ How pamper’d Luxury, Flatt’ry by her
 ‘ side,

‘ The parasite empoisoning her ear,

‘ With all the servile wretches in the rear,

‘ Looks o’er proud Property, extended wide,

‘ And eyes the simple, rustic Hind,

‘ Whose toil upholds the glitt’ring show,

‘ A creature of another kind,

‘ Some coarser substance, unrefin’d,

‘ Plac’d for her lordly use thus far, thus
 ‘ vile, below !

‘ Where, where is Love’s fond, tender
 ‘ throe,

‘ With lordly Honor’s lofty brow,

‘ The pow’rs you proudly own ?

‘ Is there, beneath Love’s noble name,

‘ Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,

‘ To bless himself alone !

‘ Mark Maiden-innocence a prey

‘ To love pretending snares,

‘ This boasted Honour turns away,

‘ Shunning soft Pity’s rising sway,

‘ Regardless of the tears and unavailing

‘ pray’rs !

‘ Perhaps, this hour, in Mis’ry’s squalid

‘ nest,

- She strains your infant to her joyless
‘ breast,
- And with a mother’s fear shrinks at the
‘ rocking blast !
- Oh ye ! who, sunk in beds of down,
‘ Feel not a want but what yourselves
‘ create,
- ‘ Think, for a moment, on his wretch-
‘ ed fate,
- ‘ Whom friends and fortune quite dis-
‘ own !
- Ill-satisfy’d, keen Nature’s clam’rous call,
‘ Stretch’d on his straw he lays himself
‘ to sleep.
- While thro’ the ragged roof and chinky
‘ wall,
- ‘ Chill, o’er his slumbers, piles the drif-
‘ ty heap !
- ‘ Think on the dungeon’s grim confine,
- ‘ Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine !
- ‘ Guilt, erring Man, relenting view !
- ‘ But shall thy legal rage pursue
- ‘ The Wretch, already crushed low
- ‘ By cruel Fortune’s undeserved blow ?
- ‘ Affliction’s sons are brothers in distress ;
- ‘ A Brother to relieve, how exquisite the
‘ bliss !’

I heard nae mair, for *Chanticleer*
 Shook off the pouthery snaw,
 And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
 A cottage-rousing craw.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
 Thro' all his works abroad,
 The heart benevolent and kind
 The most resembles GOD.

E P I S T L E

T O

D A V I E.

A

B R O T H E R P O E T.

January—

I.

W HILE winds frac aff *Ben-Lomond*
 blaw,
 And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
 And hing us owre the ingle,

I set me down to pass the time,
 And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
 In hamely, westlin jingle.
 While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
 Ben to the chimla lug,
 I grudge a wee the Great-folk's gift,
 That live sae bien an' snug :
 I tent less, and want less
 Their roomy fire-side ;
 But hanker, and canker,
 To see their cursed pride.

II.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r
 To keep, at times, frae being four,
 To see how things are shar'd ;
 How best o' chiels are whyles in want,
 While Coofs on countless thousands rant,
 And ken nae how to wear't :
 But *Davie*, lad, ne'er fash your head,
 Tho' we hae little gear,
 We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lang's we're hale and fier :
 " Mair spier na, nor fear na" *,
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg ;

* Ramsey.

The last o't, the warst o't,
Is only but to beg.

III.

To lie in kilns, and barns at e'en,
When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
Is, doubtless, great distress !

Yet then content could make us blest ;
Ev'n then, sometimes, we'd snatch a taste
O' truest happiness.

The honest heart that's free frae a'

Intended fraud or guile,
However Fortune kick the ba',

Has ay some cause to smile :

An' mind still, you'll find still

A comfort this nae sma' ;

Nae mair then we'll care then,

Nae farther we can fa'.

IV.

What tho', like Commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
But either house or hal' ?

Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.

In days when Daisies deck the ground,
And Blackbirds whistle clear,

With honest joy our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year :

On braes when we please, then,

We'll sit and sowth a tune ;

Syne *rhyme* till't, we'll time till't,

And sing't when we hae done..

V.

It's no in titles nor in rank ;

It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,,

To purchase peace and rest ;

It's no in makin muckle, *mair* :

It's no in books, it's no in lear,

To make us truly blest :

If Happiness hae not her seat

And centre in the breast,

We may be wise, or rich, or great,,

But never can be blest :

Nae treasures nor pleasures

Could make us happy lang ;

The *heart* ay's the part ay

That makes us right or wrang..

VI.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,

Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,

Wi' never-ceasing toil ;

Think ye, are we less blest than they,
 Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
 As hardly worth their while?
 Alas! how aft, in haughty mood,
 God's creatures they oppress!
 Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
 They riot in excess!
 Baith careless and fearless
 Of either Heaven or Hell;
 Esteeming, and deeming
 It's a' an idle tale!

VII.

Then let us chearfu' acquiesce,
 Nor make our scanty Pleasures lefs,
 By pining at our state:
 And, even should Misfortunes come
 I here wha fit hae met wi' some,
 An's thankfu' for them yet.
 They gie the wit of Age to Youth;
 They let us ken oursel;
 They make us see the naked truth,
 The *real* guid and ill.
 Tho' losses and crosses
 Be lessons right severe,
 There's wit there, ye'll get there,
 Ye'll find nae other where,

VIII.

But tent me, *Davie Ace o' Hearts!*
 (To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
 And flatt'ry I detest)
 This life has joys for you and I,
 And joys that riches ne'er could buy,
 And joys the very best.
 There's a' the *Pleasures o' the Heart*,
 The Lover an' the frien';
 Ye hae your *Meg*, your dearest part,
 And I my darling *Jean*!
 It warms me, it charms me,
 To mention but her name:
 It heats me, it beets me,
 And sets me a' on flame!

IX.

O all ye Pow'rs who rule above
 O *Thou*, whose very self art *love*!
 Thou know'st my words sincere!
 The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
 Or my more dear Immortal part,
 Is not more fondly dear!
 When heart-corroding care and grief
 Deprive my soul of rest,
 Her dear idea brings relief,
 And solace to my breast.

Thou *Being*, All-seeing,
 O hear my fervent pray'r !
 Still take her, and make her
 Thy most peculiar care !

X.

All hail ! ye tender feelings dear !
 The smile of love, the friendly tear,
 The sympathetic glow !
 Long since, this world's thorny ways
 Had number'd out my weary days,
 Had it not been for you !
 Fate still has blest me with a friend,
 In ev'ry care and ill ;
 And oft a more endearing band,
 A tie more tender still.
 It lightens, it brightens,
 The tenebrific scene,
 To meet with, and greet with
 My *Davie*, or my *Jean* !

XI.

O, how that *name* inspires my style !
 The words come skelpin, rank and file,
 Amaist before I ken !
 The ready measure rins as fine,
 As Phœbus and the famous Nine
 Were glowrin owre my pen.

My spaviet *Pegasus* will limp,
Till ance he's fairly her ;
And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
And rin an unco fit ;
But least then the beast then
Should rue this hasty ride,
I'll light now, and dight now
His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

T H E
L A M E N T.

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE

OF A
FRIEND's AMOUR.

*Alas ! how oft does Goodness wound itself!
And sweet Affection prove the spring of Woe!*
HOME.

L

O THOU pale Orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou seest a Wretch, who only pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With Woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How life and love are all a dream !

II.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
 The faintly marked, distant hill :
 I joyless view thy trembling horn,
 Reflected in the gurgling rill.
 My fondly-fluttering heart, be still !
 Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease !
 Ah ! must the agonizing thrill
 For ever bar returning Peace !

III.

No idly-feign'd, poetic pains,
 My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim :
 No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains ;
 No fabled tortures, quaint and tame ;
 The plighted faith, the mutual flame ;
 The oft-attested Pow'rs above ,
 The *promis'd Father's tender name* :
 These were the pledges of my love !

IV.

Encircled in her clasping arms,
 How have the raptur'd moments flown !
 How have I wish'd for Fortune's charms,
 For her dear sake, and her's alone !
 And, must I think it ! is she gone,
 My secret heart's exulting boast ?

Q

And does she heedless hear my groan?
And is she ever, ever lost?

V.

Oh ! can she bear so base a heart,
So lost to Honor, lost to Truth,
As from the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her youth?
Alas ! Life's path may be unsmooth !
Her way may lie thro' rough distress !
Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,
Her sorrows share and make them less ?

VI.

Ye winged Hours that o'er us past,
Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd.
That breast, how dreary now, and void,
For her too scanty once of room !
Ev'n ev'ry ray of Hope destroy'd,
And not a *Wish* to gild the gloom !

VII.

The morn that warns th' approaching day,
Awakes me up to toil and woe :
I see the hours, in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, slow,

Full many a pang, and many a throe,
 Keen Recollection's direful train,
 Must wring my soul, 'ere Phœbus, low,
 Shall kiss the distant, western main.

VIII.

And when my nightly couch I try,
 Sore-harass'd out with care and grief,
 My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
 Keep watchings with the nightly thief :
 Or if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
 Reigns, haggard-wild, in sore affright :
 Ev'n day, all bitter, brings relief
 From such a horror-breathing night.

IX.

O ! thou bright Queen, who, o'er th' ex-
 panse,
 Now highest reign'st, with boundless
 sway !
 Oft has thy silent-marking glance
 Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray !
 The time, unheeded, sped away,
 While Love's luxurious pulse beat high,
 Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
 To mark the mutual-kindling eye.

X.

Oh ! scenes in strong remembrance set !
 Scenes, never, never to return !
 Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
 Again I feel, again I burn !
 From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
 Life's weary vale I'll wander thro' ;
 And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
 A. faithless woman's broken vow.

D E S P O N D E N C Y.

A N

O D E.

I.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with
 care,
 A burden more than I can bear,
 I set me down and sigh ;
 O Life ! thou art a galling load,
 Along a rough, a weary road,
 To wretches such as I !

Dim-backward as I cast my view,
 What sick'ning Scenes appear !
 What Sorrows *yet* may pierce me, thro',
 Too justly I may fear !
 Still caring, despairing,
 Must be my bitter doom ;
 My woes here shall close ne'er,
 But with the closing tomb !

II.

Happy ! ye sons of Busy life,
 Who, equal to the bustling strife,
 No other view regard !
 Ev'n when the wished *end's* deny'd,
 Yet while the busy *means* are ply'd,
 They bring their own reward :
 Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
 Unfitted with an *aim*,
 Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
 And joyless morn the same.
 You, bustling and justling,
 Forget each grief and pain ;
 I, listless, yet restless,
 Find ev'ry prospect vain.

III.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
 Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
 Within his humble cell,
 The cavern wild with tangling roots,
 Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
 Beside his chrystral well !
 Or haply, to his ev'ning thought,
 By unfrequented stream,
 The ways of men are distant brought,
 A faint-collected dream :
 While praising, and raising
 His thoughts to Heav'n on high,
 As wand'ring, meandring,
 He views the solemn sky.

IV.

Than I, no lonely Hermit plac'd,
 Where never human footstep trac'd,
 Less fit to play the part,
 The lucky moment to improve,
 And *just* to stop, and *just* to move,
 With self-respecting art :
 But ah ! those pleasures, Loves and Joys,
 Which I too keenly taste,
 The Solitary can despise,
 Can want, and yet be blest !

He needs not, he heeds not,
 Or human love or hate ;
 Whilst I here must cry here
 At perfidy ingrate !

V.

Oh ! enviable, early days,
 When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
 To Care, to Guilt unknown !
 How ill exchang'd for riper times,
 To feel the follies, or the crimes,
 Of others, or my own !
 Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
 Like linnets in the bush,
 Ye little know the ills ye court,
 When manhood is your wish !
 The losses, the crosses,
 That *active man* engage ;
 The fears all, the tears all,
 Of dim declining *Age* !

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A

D Y R G E.

I.

WHEN chill November's sultry blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One ev'ning as I wander'd forth
 Along the banks of Ayr,
 I spy'd a man, whose aged step
 Seem'd weary, worn with care ;
 His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.

II.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou ?
 Began the rev'rend Sage ;
 Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
 Or youthful Pleasure's rage ?
 Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
 Too soon thou hast began
 To wander forth, with me, to mourn
 The miseries of Man.

III.

The Sun that overhangs yon moors,
 Out-spreading far and wide,
 Where hundreds labour to support
 A haughty lordling's pride ;
 I've seen yon weary winter-sun
 Twice forty times return ;
 And ev'ry time has added proofs,
 That Man was made to mourn..

IV.

O Man ! while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time !
 Mispending all thy precious hours,
 Thy glorious, youthful prime !
 Alternate Follies take the sway ;
 Licentious Passions burn ;
 Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
 That Man was made to mourn..

V.

Look not alone on youthful Prime,
 Or Manhood's active might ;
 Man then is useful to his kind,
 Supported is his right :
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With Cares and Sorrows worn,

Then Age and Want, Oh ! ill match'd pair!
Show Man was made to mourn..

VI.

A few seem favourites of Fate,
In Pleasure's lap carest ;
Yet, think not all the Rich and Great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, Oh ! what crouds in ev'ry land,
All wretched and forlorn,
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That Man was made to mourn..

VII.

Many and sharp the num'rous Ills
Inwoven with our frame !
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, Remorse, and Shame !
And Man, whose heav'n-crested face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to Man
Makes countless thousands mourn !

VIII.

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil ;

And see his lordly *fellow-worm*
 The poor petition spurn,
 Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn.

IX.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
 By Nature's law design'd,
 Why was an independent wish
 E'er planted in my mind?
 If not, why am I subject to
 His cruelty, or scorn?
 Or why has Man the will and pow'r
 To make his fellow mourn?

X.

Yet, let not this too much, my Son,
 Disturb thy youthful breast:
 This partial-view of human-kind
 Is surely not the *last*!
 The poor, oppressed, honest man
 Had never, sure, been born,
 Had there not been some recompense
 To comfort those that mourn!

XI.

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
 The kindest and the best!

Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest!
 The Great, the Wealthy fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasure torn;
 But, Oh! a blest relief to those
 That weary-laden mourn!

W I N T E R.

A

D I R G E.

I.

TH E Wintry West extends his blast,
 And hail and rain does blaw;
 Or, stormy North fends driving forth
 The blinding fleet and snaw;

While, tumbling brown, the Burn comes
down,

And roars frae bank to brae ;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

II.

" The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast *,"
The joyless Winter-day,
Lest others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May :
The Tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join ;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine !

III.

Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty Scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest, they *must* be best,
Because they are *Thy* Will !
Then all I want (Oh, do thou grant
This one request of mine !)
Since to *enjoy* Thou dost deny,
Assist me to *resign* !

* Dr. Young.

A

P R A Y E R,
I N T H E
P R O S P E C T O F D E A T H.

I.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

II.

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As *Something*, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done:

III.

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

IV.

Where human *weakness* has come short,
 Or *frailty* stept aside,
 Do Thou, *All-Good!* for such Thou art,
 In shades of darkness hide.

V.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
 No other Plea I have,
 But, *Thou art good*; and Goodness still
 Delighteth to forgive.

S T A N Z A S
ON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
 Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
 Some drops of joy with draughts of ill be-
 tween ;
 Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing storms :
 Is it departing pangs my soul alarms ?
 Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode ?
 For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms ;
 I tremble to approach an angry God,
 And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, ‘ Forgive my foul offence?’

Fain promise never more to disobey ;
But, should my Author health again dis-
pense,

Again I might desert fair Virtue’s way ;
Again in Folly’s path might go astray ;

Again exalt the brute and sink the man ;
Then how should I for Heavenly Mercy
pray,

Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy’s
plan ?

Who sin so oft have mourn’d, yet to tem-
tation ran ?

O Thou, Great Governor of all below !

If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to
blow,

Or still the tumult of the raging sea :
With that controuling pow’r assist ev’n me,
Those headlong, furious passions to con-
fine ;

For all unfit I feel my powers be,

To rule their torrent in th’ allowed line ;
O, aid me with Thy help, *Omnipotence Di-*
vine !

Lying at a Reverend Friend's house one night,
the Author left the following Verses in the
room where he slept :—

I.

O THOU dread Pow'r, who reign'st
above,
I know Thou wilt me hear ;
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make my pray'r sincere.

II.

The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long be pleas'd to spare ;
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

III.

She, who her lovely Offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O bleis her with a Mother's joys,
But spare a Mother's tears !

IV.

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
 In manhood's dawning blush;
 Bless him, Thou God of love and truth,
 Up to a Parent's wish.

V.

The beauteous, seraph Sister-band,
 With earnest tears I pray,
 Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
 Guide Thou their steps alway.

VI.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
 O'er life's rough ocean driven,
 May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
 A Family in Heaven!

T H E

F I R S T . P S A L M.

THE man, in life where-ever plac'd
 Hath happiness in store,
 Who walks not in the wicked's way,
 Nor learns their guilty lore !

Nor from the seat of scornful Pride
 Casts forth his eyes abroad,
 But with humility and awe
 Still walks before his GOD.

That man shall flourish like the trees
 Which by the streamlets grow ;
 The fruitful top is spread on high,
 And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
 Shall to the ground be cast,
 And like the rootless stubble toss'd,
 Before the sweeping blast.

For why ? that GOD the good adore
 Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
 But hath decreed that wicked men
 Shall ne'er be truly blest.

A T

P. R. A Y E R,

Under the Pressure of Violent Anguish.

O THOU great Being! what Thou art,
 Surpasses me to know :
 Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
 Are all Thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
 All wretched and distract ;
 Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
 Obey Thy high behest.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
 From cruelty or wrath !
 O, free my weary eyes from tears,
 Or close them fast in death !

But if I must afflicted be,
 To suit some wise design ;
 Then, man my soul with firm resolves
 To bear and not repine !

T H E**FIRST SIX VERSES**

OF THE

NINTIETH PSALM.

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend
 Of all the human race !
 Whose strong right hand has ever been
 Their stay and dwelling-place !

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
 Beneath Thy forming hand,
 Before this ponderous globe itself
 Arose at Thy command :

That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
 This universal frame,
 From countless unbeginning time
 Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
 Which seem to us so vast,
 Appear no more before Thy sight
 Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word ; Thy creature, man,
 Is to existence brought ;
 Again, Thou say'st, ‘ Ye sons of men,
 ‘ Return ye into nought ! ’

Thou layest them, with all their cares
 In everlasting sleep ;
 As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
 With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
 In beauty's pride array'd ;
 But long ere night cut down it lies
 All wither'd and decay'd.

T O A

MOUNTAIN DAISY.

*On turning one down with the Plough in
April, 1786.*

WE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem :
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet
The bonie *Lark*, companion meet !
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet !
 Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling East.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
 Upon thy early, humble birth ;
 Yet chearfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth
 .
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our Gardens yield,
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield ;
 But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie *slibble-field*,
 Unseen, alone.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy frawie bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise ;
 But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
 Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade !
 By Love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card

Of prudent Lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering Worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n

To Mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
 He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,

 Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom!

T O

R U I N.

I.

ALL hail! inexorable lord !
 At whose destruction-breathing word,
 The mightiest empires fall !
 Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
 The ministers of Grief and Pain,
 A sullen welcome, all !
 With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
 I see each aimed dart ;
 For one has cut my *dearest tye*,
 And quivers in my heart.
 Then low'ring, and pouring,
 The *Storm* no more I dread ;
 Tho' thick'ning, and black'ning,
 Round my devoted head.

II.

And thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhor'd,
 While Life a *pleasure* can afford,
 Oh ! hear a wretch's pray'r !
 No more I shrink appall'd, afraid ;
 I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
 To close this scene of care !

When shall my soul, in silent peace,

Resign Life's *joyless* day ?

My weary heart it's throbings cease,

Cold-mould'ring in the clay ?

No fear more, no tear more,

To stain my lifeless face,

Enclasped, and grasped,

Within thy cold embrace !

T . O

M I S S L—,

With BEATTIE'S POEMS for a New-Year's

Gift. Jan. 1, 1787.

A GAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail;
I send you more than India boasts
In *Edwin's* simple tale.

Our Sex with guile, and faithleſs love,
 Is charg'd, perhaps, too true ;
 But may, dear Maid, each Lover prove
 An *Edwin* still to you.



E P I S T L E

T O A

Y O U N G F R I E N D.

May—, 1786.

I.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
 A Something to have sent you,
 Tho' it should serve nae ither end
 Than just a kind *memento* ;
 But how the subject theme may gang,
 Let time and chance determine ;
 Perhaps it may turn out a Sang ;
 Perhaps, turn out a Sermon.

II.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
 And Andrew dear, believe me,
 Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
 And muckle they may grieve ye :
 For care and trouble set your thought,
 Ev'n when your end's attained ;
 And a' your views may come to nought,
 Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

III.

I'll no say, men are villains a' ;
 The real, harden'd wicked,
 Wha hae nae check but human law,
 Are to a few restricked :
 But Och, mankind are unco weak,
 An' little to be trusted ;
 If *Self* the wavering balance shake,
 It's rarely right adjusted !

IV.

Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,
 Their fate we should na censure,
 For still th' *important end* of life,
 They equally may answer :

A man may hae an honest heart,
 Tho' Poortith hourly stare him ;
 A man may tak a neebor's part,
 Yet hae nae *cash* to spare him.

V.

Ay free, aff han', your story tell,
 When wi' a bosom crony ;
 But still keep something to yoursel'
 Ye scarcely tell to ony.
 Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
 Frae critical dissection ;
 But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
 Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

VI.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
 Luxuriantly indulge it ;
 But never tempt th' *illicit rove*,
 Tho' naething should divulge it :
 I wave the quantum o' the sin ;
 The hazard of concealing ;
 But Och ! it hardens a' within,
 And petrifies the feeling !

VII.

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
 Affiduous wait upon her ;

And gather gear by ev'ry wile
 That's justify'd by Honor :
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,
 Nor for a train attendant ;
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being *independent.*

VIII.

The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip,
 To haud the wretch in order ;
 But where you feel your *Honor* grip,
 Let that ay be your border :
 It's slightest touches, instant pause—
 Debar a'side pretences ;
 And resolutely keep it's laws,
 Uncaring consequences.

IX.

The great *Creator* to revere,
 Must sure become the *Creature* ;
 But still the preaching cant forbear,
 And ev'n the rigid feature :
 Yet ne'er with Wits profane to range,
 Be complaisance extended ;
 An Athiest-laugh's a poor exchange
 For Deity offended !

X.

When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,
 Religion may be blinded ;
 Or if she gie a *random sting*,
 It may be little minded ;
 But when on Life we're tempest-driv'n,
 A conscience but a canker—
 A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
 Is sure a noble anchor !

XI.

Adieu, dear, amiable Youth !
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting !
 May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth,
 Erect your brow undaunting !
 In Ploughman phrase, ‘ God send you speed,’
 Still daily to grow wiser ;
 And may ye better reck the *rede*,
 Than e'er did the Adviser !

ON A
SCOTCH BARD,
GONE TO THE WEST-INDIES.

A' YE wha live by sowps o' drink,
 A' ye wha live by crambo-clinck,
 A' ye wha live and never think,
 Come, mourn wi' me!
 Our Billie's gien us a' a jink,
 An' owre the Sea.

Lament him a' ye rantin core,
 Wha dearly like a random-splore;
 Nae mair he'll join the *merry roar*,
 In social key;
 For now he's taen anither shore,
 An' owre the Sea!

The bonie lasses weel may wiss him,
 And in their dear *petitions* place him:
 The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him
 Wi' tearfu' e'e;
 For weel I wat they'll fairly miss him
 That's owre the Sea!

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble !
 Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle,
 Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
 Twad been nae plea ;
 But he was gleg as onie wumble,
 That's owre the Sea !

Auld, cantie *Kyle* may weepers wear,
 An' stain them wi' the faut, faut tear :
 'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,
 In flinders flee ;
 He was her *Laureat* monie a year,
 That's owre the Sea !

He saw Misfortune's cauld *Nor-west*
 Lang mustering up a bitter blast ;
 A Jillit brak his heart at last,
 Ill may she be !
 So took a birth afore the mast,
 An' owre the Sea .

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
 On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
 Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
 Could ill agree ;
 So, row't his hurdies in a hammock,
 An' owre the Sea .

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,
 Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in,
 Wi' him it ne'er was *under biding* ;

He dealt it free :
 The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
 That's owre the Sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
 An' hap him in a cozie biel :
 Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
 An' fou o' glee :
 He wad na wrang'd the vera Deil,
 That's owre the Sea.

Farewell, my *rhyme composing Billie* !
 your native soil was right ill-willie ;
 But may ye flourish like a lily,
 Now bonilie !
 I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
 Tho' owre the Sea !

TO A

HABITAT GROWTH

FAIR fa' your honest, fonsie face,
Great Chieftan o' the Puddin race !
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm :
Weel are ye wördy o' a grace
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your *pin* wad help to mend a mill
 In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
 Like amber bead.

His knife see Rustic-labour dight,
An' cut you up wi' ready flight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like onie ditch;
And then, O what a glorious fight,
Warm-reekin, rich

Then, horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
 Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
 Till-a' their weel-swall'd kyties belyve
 Are bent like drums :
 Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
 Bethankit hums.

Is there that owre his French *ragout*,
 Or *olio* that wad staw a sow,
 Or *fricasse* wad mak her spew
 Wi' perfect sconner,
 Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
 On sic a dinner ?

Poor devil ! see him owre his trash,
 As feckless as a' wither'd rash,
 His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
 His nieve a nit ;
 Thro' bluidy flood or field to dash,
 O how unfit !

But mark the Rustic, *baggis-fed*,
 The trembling earth resounds his tread,
 Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
 He'll mak it whissle ;
 An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
 Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye Powr's wha mak mankind your care,
 And dish them out their bill o' fare,
 Auld Scotland wants nae stinking ware
 That jaups in luggies;
 But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
 Gie her a *baggis*!

A

D E D I C A T I O N.

T O

G**** H***** Esq.

EXPECT na, Sir, in this narration,
 A fleechin, fletch'rin Dedication,
 To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
 An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid;
 Because ye're surnam'd like *His Grace*,
 Perhaps related to the race:

Then when I'm tir'd—and sae are *ye*,
 Wi' monie a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
 Set up a face, how I stop short,
 For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do--maun do, Sir, wi'them wha
 Maun please the Great Folk for a wamefou ;
 For me ! sae laigh I need nae bow,
 For, LORD be thankit, *I can plough* ;
 And when I downa yoke a naig,
 Then, LORD be thankit, *I can beg* ;
 Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'ring,
 It's just *sic Poet* an' *sic Patron*.

The Poet, some guid Angel help him,
 Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him !
 He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
 But only—he's no just begun yet.

The Patron, (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
 I winna lie, come what will o' me)
 On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
 He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
 He downa see a poor man want ;
 What's no his ain, he winna tak it ;
 What ance he says, he winna break it ;

Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
 Till aft his guidnes is abus'd ;
 And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
 Ev'n *that*, he does na mind it lang :
 As Master, Landlord, Husband, Father,
 He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that ;
 Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that ;
 It's naething but a milder feature,
 Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature :
 Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
 'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks,
 Or hunters wild on *Ponotaxi*,
 Wha never heard of Orth-d-xy.
 That he's the poor man's friend in need,
 The *Gentleman* in word and deed,
 It's no thro' terror of D-mn-t-n ;
 It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
 Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain !
 Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
 In *moral* Mercy, Truth and Justice !

No—stretch a point to catch a plack ;
 Abuse a brother to his back ;

Steal thro' the *winnock* frae a wh're,
 But point the Rake that taks the *door* ;
 Be to the Poor like onie whunstane,
 And haud their noses to the grunstane ;
 Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving ;
 No matter—stick to *sound believing*.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile
 graces,
 Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang wry faces ;
 Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
 And damn a' Parties but your own ;
 I'll warrant then, ye're nae Deceiver,
 A steady, sturdy, staunch Believer.

O ye wha leave the springs o' *C-lv-n*,
 For *gumlie dubs* of your ain delvin !
 Ye sons of Heresy and Error,
 Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror !
 When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
 And in the fire throws the sheath ;
 When Ruin, with his sweeping *befom*,
 Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him ;
 While o'er the *Harp* pale Mis'ry moans,
 And strikes the ever deep'ning tones,
 Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans !

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
I maist forgat my *Dedication* ;
But when Divinty comes cross me,
My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, Sir, you see 'twas nae daft vapour,
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, Sir, to *You* :
Because (ye need na tak it ill)
I thought them something like yoursel.

Then patronize them wi' your favor,
And your petitioner shall ever —
I had amaist said, *ever pray*,
But that's a word I need na say :
For prayin I hae little skill o't ;
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't ;
But I'se repeat each poor man's *pray'r*,
That kens or hears about you, Sir —

‘ May ne'er Misfortunes gowling bark,
‘ Howl thro' the dwelling o' the *Clerk* !
‘ May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
‘ For that same gen'rous spirit smart !
‘ May K*****’s far-honour’d name
‘ Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
‘ Till H*****’s, at least a diz’n,
‘ Are frae their nuptial labors risen :

• Five bonie Lasses round their table,
 • And sev'n braw Fellows, stout an' able,
 • To serve their King an' Country weel,
 • By word, or pen, or pointed steel !
 • May Health and Peace, with mutual rays,
 • Shine on the ev'ning o' his days ;
 • Till his wee, curkie John's ier-oe,
 • When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
 • The last, sad, mournful rites bestow ! }
}

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
 With complimentary effusion :
 But whilst your wishes and endeavours,
 Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favors,
 I am, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
 Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent)
 That iron-hearted Carl, *Want*,
 Attended, in his grim advances,
 By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
 While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
 Make you as poor a dog as I am,
 Your *bumble servant* then no more ;
 For who would humbly serve the Poor ?
 But, by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n !
 While recollection's pow'r is giv'n,

If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of Fortune's strife;
I, thro' the tender-gushing tear,
Should recognise my Master dear,
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, Sir, your hand—my Friend and
Brother!

T O A

M O U S E,

On seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church.

H A! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie!
Your impudence protects you fairlie:
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
Owre gauze and lace;
Tho' faith, I fear, ye dine but sparsely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,
 Detested, shunn'd, by faunt an' sinner,
 How daur ye set your fit upon her,
 Sae fine a Lady !
 Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,
 On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle ;
 There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
 Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
 In shoals and nations ;
 Whare *barn* nor *bane* ne'er daur unsettle
 Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,
 Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight ;
 Na faith ye yet ! ye'll no be right
 Till ye've got on it,
 The vera tapmost, tow'ring height
 O' *Mij's*'s bonnet.

My sooth ! right bauld ye set your nose
 out,
 As plump an' gray as onie grozet :
 O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
 Or fell, red smeddum,
 I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,
 Wad dress your droddum !

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
 You on an auld wife's flainen toy ;
 Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
 On's wyliecoat ;
 But Miss's fine *Lunardi* ! fie !
 How daur ye do't ?

O *Jenny*, dimma toss your head,
 An' set your beauties a' abread !
 Ye little ken what cursed speed
 The blastie's makin' !
 Thae *winks* and *finger-ends*, I dread,
 Are notice takin' !

O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
 To see oursels as others see us !
 It wad frae monie a blunder free us
 An' foolish notion :
 What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
 And ev'n Devotion !

A D D R E S S
T O
E D I N B U R G H

I.

EDINA! Scotia's darling seat!
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
 Where once beneath a Monarch's feet
 Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !
 From marking wildly-scatt'red flow'rs,
 As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
 I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

II.

Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,
 As busy Trade his labours plies ;
 There Architecture's noble pride
 Bids elegance and splendor rise :
 Here Justice, from her native skies,
 High wields her balance and her rod ;
 There Learning, with his eagle'eyes,
 Seeks Science in her coy abode.

III.

Thy Sons, *Edina*, social, kind,
 With open arms the Stranger hail ;
 Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
 Above the narrow, rural vale :
 Attentive still to Sorrow's wail,
 Or modest Merit's silent claim ;
 And never may their sources fail !
 And never envy blot their name !

IV.

Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn,
 Gay as the gilded summer sky,
 Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn,
 Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy !
 Fair B—— strikes th' adoring eye,
 Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine ;
 I see the *Sire of Love* on high,
 And own his work indeed divine !

V.

There, watching high the least alarms,
 Thy rough, rude Fortress gleams afar ;
 Like some bold Vet'ran, gray in arms,
 And mark'd with many a seeming scar :
 The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
 Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
 Have oft withstood assailing War,
 And oft repell'd th' Invader's shock.

VI

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately Dome,
Where *Scotia's* kings of other years,
Fam'd heroes ! had their royal home :
Alas, how chang'd the times to come !
Their royal Name low in the dust !
Their hapless Race wild-wand'ring roam !
Tho' rigid Law cries out, 'twas just !

VII.

Wild beats my heart, to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old Scatia's bloody lion bore:
Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore,
Haply my Sires have left their shed,
And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar,
Bold-following where your Fathers led!

VIII.

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once, beneath a Monarch's feet,
Sat Legislation's sow'reign pow'rs!

From marking wildy-scatt'red flow'rs,
 As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
 I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

E P I S T L E

T O

J. L * * * * K,

AN OLD SCOTCH BARD.

April 1, 1785.

W HILE briers an' woodbines bud-
 ding green,
 An' Pa'tricks scraichin loud at e'en,
 And morning Poussie whiddin seen,
 Inspire my Muse,
 This freedom, in an *unknown* frien',
 I pray excuse.

On Fasten-een we had a rockin,
 To ca' the crack and weave our stockin ;
 And there was muckle fun and jokin,
 Ye need na doubt ;
 At length we had a hearty yokin
 At *sang about.*

There was ae *sang*, amang the rest,
 Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
 That some kind husband had address
 To some sweet wife :
 It thrill'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
 A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel,
 What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel ;
 Thought I, ' Can this be Pope, or Steele,
 ' Or Beattie's wark ?'
 They tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel
 About *Muirkirk.*

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear't ;
 An' sae about him there I spier't ;
 Then a' that ken't him round declar'd,
 He had *ingine*,
 That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
 It was sae fine.

That, set him to a pint of ale,
 An' either douce or merry tale,
 Or rhymes an' fangs he'd made himself;
Or witty catches,
 'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an' swoor an aith,
 Tho' I should pawn my pleugh an' graith,
 Or die a cadger, pownie's death,
At some dyke-back,
 A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,
To hear your crack..

But first an' foremost, I should tell,
 Amaist as soon as I could spell,
 I to the crambo-jingle fell,
Tho' rude an' rough,
 Yet crooning to a body's sel,
Does weel eneugh.

I am nae Poet, in a senfe,
 But just a Rhymer, like, by chance,
 An' hae to Learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter?
 Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your Critic-folk may cock their nose,
 And say, ' How can you e'er propose,
 ' You wha ken harldy *verse* *frac prose*,
 ' To mak a *sang*? '
 But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
 Ye're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your Schools,
 Your Latin names for horns an' stools ;
 If honest Nature made you *fools*.
 What fairs your Grammars !
 Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,
 Or knappin-hammers. .

A set o' dull, conceited Hashes,
 Confuse their brains in College-classes !
 They *gang in* Stirks, and *come out* Asses,
 Plain truth to speak ;
 An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
 By dint o' Greek !

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
 That's a' the learning I desire ;
 Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
 At pleugh or cart,
 My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
 May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' *Allan's* glee,
 Or *Ferguson's*, the bauld an' flee,
 Or bright *L*****k's*, my friend to be,
 If I can hit it !
 That would be *lear* eneugh for me,
 If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow,
 Tho' real friends I b'lieve are few,
 Yet, if your catalogue be fow,
 I'll no insist ;
 But, gif ye want ae friend that's true,
 I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel,
 As ill I like my fauts to tell ;
 But friends, an' folk that wish me well,
 They sometimes roose me ;
 Tho' I maun own, as monie still
 As far abuse me.

There's ae *wee fault* they whyles lay to me,
 I like the lasses—Gude forgie me !
 For monie a Plack they wheedle frae me,
 At dance or fair :
 Maybe some *ither thing* they gie me
 They weel can spare.

But *Mauchline Race* or *Mauchline Fair*,
 I should be proud to meet you there ;
 We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
 If we forgather,
 An' hae a swap o' *rhymin-ware*
 Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter
 An' kirsen him wi' reekin water :
 Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
 To chear our heart ;
 An' faith, we'se be acquainted better
 Before we part.

Awa ye selfish, warly race,
 Wha think that havins, sense, an' grace,
 Ev'n love an' friendship, should give place
 To *catch-the-plack* !
 I dinna like to see your face,
 Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasures charms,
 Whose hearts the tide of kindnes warms,
 Who hold your *being* on the terms,
 ' Each aid the others,'
 Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
 My friends, my brothers !

But to conclude my lang epistle ;
 As my auld pen's worn to the grissle ;
 Twa lines frae you wad gar me fисslе,
 Who am, most fervent,
 While I can either sing, or whissle,
 Your friend and servant.

TO THE SAME.

April 21, 1785.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rowt at the
 stake,
 An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
 This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
 To own I'm debtor
 To honest-hearted, auld *L*****k*,
 For his kind letter.

Forjesket fair, with weary legs,
 Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,
 Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
 Their ten-hours bite,
 My awkart Muse fair pleads and begs
 I would na write.

The tapetless, ramfeezl'd hizzie,
 She's fast at best an' something lazy :
 Quo' she, 'Ye ken we've been sae busy
 about them a' mair
 'This month an' mair,
 'That trouth, my head is grown right dizzie,
 An' something fair.'

Her dowff excuses pat me mad ;
 'Conscience,' says I, 'ye thowless jad !'
 'I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
 'This vera night,
 'So dinna ye affront your trade,
 'But rhyme it right.'

'Shall bauld *L*****k*, the king o' hearts,
 'Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
 'Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
 'In terms sae friendly,
 'Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts
 I wab I signit An' thank him kindly ?'

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
 An' down gaed *Stumpie* in the ink :
 Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink,
 I vow I'll close it ;
 'An' if ye winna mak it clink,
 By Joye I'll prose it !

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether,
 In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
 Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
 Let time mak proof;
 But I shall scribble down some blether
 Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
 Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp,
 Come, kittle up your moorland harp
 Wi' gleesome touch!
 Ne'er mind how Fortune *waft* an' *warp*;
 She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
 Sin I could striddle ower a rig;
 But, by the L—d, tho' I should beg
 Wi' lyart pow,
 I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
 As lang's I dow!

Now comes the fax an' twentieth summer,
 I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
 Still persecuted by the limmer
 Frae year to year;
 But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
 I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city *Gent*,
 Behind a kist to lie an' sklent,
 Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.

An' muckle wame,
 In some bit Brugh to represent
 A *Bailie's* name ?

Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane,
 Wi' ruffl'd sark an' glancing cane,
 Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
 But lordly stalks,
 While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
 As by he walks ?

' O *Thou* wha gies us each guid gift !
 ' Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,
 ' Then turn me, if *Thou* please, adrift,
 ' Thro' Scotland wide ;
 ' Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
 ' In a' their pride !'

Were this the *charter* of our state,
 ' On pain o' hell be rich an' great,'
 Damnation then would be our fate,
 Beyond remead ;
 But, thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate
 We learn our creed.

For thus the royal Mandate ran,
When first the human race began,
‘ The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate’er he be,
‘Tis he fulfils great Nature’s plan,
And none but he.’

O Mandate, glorious and divine !
The followers o’ the ragged Nine,
Poor, thoughtless devils ! yet may shine
In glorious light,
While sordid sons o’ Mammon’s line
Are dark as night.

‘Tho’ here they scrape, an’ squeeze, an’
growl,
Their worthless nievesfu’ of a soul
May in some future carcase howl,
The forest’s fright;
Or in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light.
Then may L****k and B**** arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And sing their pleasures, hopes an’ joys
In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship’s ties
Each passing year !

T O

W. S * * * * N, *Ochiltree.*

May, 1785.

I G A T your letter, winsome *Willie* ;
 Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie ;
 Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly,
 An' unco vain,
 Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
 Your flatterin strain.

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,
 I sud be laith to think ye hinted
 Ironic satire, fidelins sklented
 On my poor Musie ;
 Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it,
 I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
 Should I but dare a *hop'e* to speel,
 Wi' *Allan*, or wi' *Gilbertfield*,
 The braes o' fame ;
 Or *Ferguson*, the writer-chiel,
 A deathless name.

X

(O Ferguson ! thy glorious parts
 Ill suited law's dry musty arts !
 My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
 Ye Enbrugh Gentry !
 The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
 Wad stow'd his pantry !)

Yet when a-tale comes i' my head,
 Or lasses gie my heart a screed,
 As whiles they're like to be my dead,
 (O sad disease !)
 I kittle up my *rustic reed* ;
 It gies me ease.

Auld *Goila*, now, may fidge fu' faip,
 She's gotten Bardies o' her ain,
 Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
 But tune their lays,
 Till echoes a' resound again
 Her weel-sung praise.

Nae Poet thought her worth his while,
 To set her name in measur'd style ;
 She lay like some unkend-of isle
 Beside New Holland,
 Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
 Besouth Magellan.

Ramsay an' famous *Ferguson* -
Gied Forth an' *Tay* a lift aboon ;
Tarrow an' *Tweed*, to monie a tune,
 Owre Scotland rings,
 While *Irwin*, *Lugar*, *Ayr*, an' *Doon*,
 Naebody sings.

Th' *Illissus*, *Tiber*, *Thames*, an' *Seine*,
 Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line ;
 But *Willie*, set your fit to mine,
 An' cock your crest,
 We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
 Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld *Coila's* plains an' fells,
 Her moors red brown wi' heather bells,
 Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,
 Where glorious *Wallace*
 Aft bure the gree as story tells,
 Frae Suthron billies.

At *Wallace'* name, what Scottish blood
 But boils up in a spring-tide flood !
 Oft have our fearless fathers strode
 By *Wallace'* side,
 Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
 Or glorious dy'd !

O sweet are *Coila's* haughs an' woods,
 When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
 And jinkin' hares, in amorous whids,
 Their loves enjoy,
 While thro' the braes the cushat croods
 With wailfu' cry !

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me,
 When winds rave thro' the naked tree ;
 Or frosts on hills of *Ochiltree*
 Are hoary gray ;
 Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
 Dark'ning the day !

O *Nature* ! a' thy shews an' forms
 To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms !
 Whether the Summer kindly warms,
 Wi' life an' light,
 Or Winter howls, in gusty storms,
 The lang, dark night !

The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her,
 Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
 Adown some trotting burn's meander,
 An' no think lang ;
 O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
 A heart-felt sang !

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive,
Let me fair *Nature's* face descrive,

And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, 'my rhyme-composing' brither!
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither:
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal:
May *Envy* wallop in a tether,
Black fiend, infernal!

While highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes;
While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies;
While *Terra Firma*, on her axis,
Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
In *Robert Burns*.

P O S T S C R I P T .

My Memory's no worth a preen;
I had amaist forgotten clean,

Ye bade me write you what they mean
 By this *new-light* *,
 *Bout which our *herds* fae aft hae been
 Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
 At *Grammar*, *Logic*, an' sic talents,
 They took nae pains their speech to balance,
 Or rules to gie,
 But spak their thoughts in plain, braid Lallans,
 Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the *Moon*,
 Just lik a sark, or pair o' shoen,
 Wore by degrees, till her last roon
 Gaed past their viewing,
 An' shortly after she was done
 They gat a new ane.

This past for certain, undisputed ;
 It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
 Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,
 An' ca'd it wrang :
 An' muckle din there was about it,
 Baith loud an' lang.

* See note, page 75.

Some *herds*, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
 Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk ;
 For 'twas the *auld moon* turn'd a neuk,
 An' out o' fight,
 An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
 She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd :
 The *herds* an' *bissels* were alarm'd ;
 The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
 That beardless laddies
 Should think they better were inform'd
 Than their auld daddies.

Frae lefs to mair it gaed to sticks ;
 Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks ;
 An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
 Wi' hearty crunt ;
 An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
 Were hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in monie lands,
 An' *auld-light* caddies bure sic hands,
 That faith, the youngsters took the sандs
 Wi' nimble shanks,
 Till Lairds forbade, by strict commands,
 Sic bluidy pranks.

But *new-light herds* *gat sic-a cowe,*
Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-stowe,
Till now amait on ev'ry knowe.

Ye'll find ane plac'd;
*An' some, their *new-light* fair avow,*
Just quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the *auld-light flocks* are bleatin';
*Their zealous *herds* are vex'd an' sweating;*
Mysel, I've even seen them greetin'

Wi' girnin spite,
*To hear the *Moon* sae sadly lie'd on*
By word an' write.

But shortly they will cewe the louns!
*Some *auld-light herds* in neebor towns*
Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons,
To tak a flight,
*An' stay ae month amang the *Moons*,*
An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them;
*An' when the *auld Moon's* gaun to lea'e them,*
The hindmost shair'd, they'll fetch it wi'
them,

Just i' their pouch,
*An' when the *new-light* billies see them,*
I think they'll crouch!

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
 Is naething but a ' moonshine matter ;'
 But tho' dull prose-folk Latin splatter,
 In logic tulzie,
 I hope, we Bardies ken some better
 Than mind sic brulzie.

E P I S T L E

T O

J. R * * * * *,

Inclosing some Poems.

O Rough, rude, ready-witted R*****,
 The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin !
 There's monie godly folks are thinkin,
 Your dreams * an' tricks
 Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin,
 Straught to auld Nick's.

* A certain humorous *dream* of his was then making a noise in the country-side.

Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants,
 And in your wicked, drukens rants,
 Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts,
 An' fill them fou ;
 And then their failings, flaws, an wants,
 Are a' seen thro'.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it !
 That holy robe, O dinna tear it !
 Spare't for their sakes wha often wear it,
 The lads in *black* ;
 But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
 Rives't aff their back.

Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing,
 Is just the *Blue-gown* badge an' claithing
 O' Saunts ; tak that, ye lea'e them naithing
 To ken them by,
 Frae ony unregenerate Heathen,
 Like you or I.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
 A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair ;
 Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,
 I will expect,
 Yon *Sang* * ye'll sen't, wi' cannie care,
 And no neglect.

* A song he had promised the Author.

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing !
 My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing :
 I've play'd mysel a bonie spring,
 An' danc'd my fill !
 I'd better gaen an' fair't the king,
 At *Bunker's Hill.*

'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,
 I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
 An' brought a *Paitrick* to the grun',
 A bonie hen,
 And as the twilight was begun,
 Thought nane wad ken.

The poor, wee thing was little hurt ;
 I straikit it a wee for sport,
 Ne'er thinkin they wad fash me for't ;
 But, Deil-ma-care !
 Somebody tells the *Poacher-court*
 The hale affair.

Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note,
 That sic a hen had got a shot ;
 I was suspected for the plot ;
 I scorn'd to lie ;
 So gat the whissle o' my groat,
 An' pay't the fee.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
 An' by my pouther an' my hail,
 An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
 I vow an' swear !
 The *Game* shall pay, o'er moor an' dale,
 For this, niest year.

As soon's the clockin-time is by,
 An' the wee pouts begun to cry,
 L--d, I'se hae sportin by an' by,
 For my gowd guinea;
 Tho' I should herd the *buckskin* kye
 For't in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame!
 'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
 But twa-three draps about the wame
 Scarce thro' the feathers;
 An' baith a yellow George to claim,
 An' thole their blethers!

It pits me ay as mad's a hare,
 So I can rhyme nor write nae mair;
 But *pennyworths* again is fair,
 When time's expedient:
 Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
 Your most obedient.

JOHN BARLEYCORN*.

A

B A L L A D.

I.

THERE was three kings into the east,
 Three kings both great and high,
 And they hae sworn a solemn oath
 John Barleycorn should die.

II.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
 Put clods upon his head,
 And they hae sworn a solemn oath
 John Barleycorn was dead.

III.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
 And show'rs began to fall;
 John Barleycorn got up again,
 And sore surpris'd them all.

* This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name.

IV.

The sultry suns of Summer eame,
 And he grew thick and strong,
 His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
 That no one should him wrong.

V.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
 When he grew wan and pale ;
 His bending joints and drooping head
 Show'd he began to fail.

VI.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
 He faded into age ;
 And then his enemies began
 To shew their deadly rage.

VII.

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
 And cut him by the knee ;
 Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
 Like a rogue for forgerie.

VIII.

They laid him down upon his back,
 And cudgell'd him full sore ;
 They hung him up before the storm,
 And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

IX.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

X.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

XI.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones ;
But a Miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

XII.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round ;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

XIII.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

XIV.

'Twill make a man forget his woe,
 'Twill heighten all his joy :
 'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
 Tho' the tear were in her eye.

XV.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
 Each man a glass in hand,
 And may his great posterity
 Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

A

F R A G M E N T.

Tune, GILLICRANKIE.

WHEN Guilford good our Pilot stood,
 An' did our hellim throw, man,
 Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
 Within America man :
 Then up they gat the maskin pat,
 And in the sea did jaw, man ;
 An' did nae less, in full Congress,
 Than quite refuse our law, man.

II.

Then thro' the lakes *Montgomery* takes,
 I wat he was na flaw, man ;
 Down *Lowrie's* burn he took a turn,
 And *C-rl-t-n* did ca', man :
 But yet, whatreck, he, at *Quebec*,
 Montgomery-like did fa', man,
 Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
 Amang his en'mies a' man.

III.

Poor *Tammy G-ge* within a cage
 Was kept at *Boston-ha'*, man ;
 Till *Willie H-e* took o'er the knowe
 For *Philadelphia*, man :
 Wi' sword an' gun he thought a fin
 Guid Christian bluid to draw, man ;
 But at *New-York*, wi' knife an' fork,
 Sir Loin he hacked sma' man.

IV.

B-rg-ne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
 Till *Fraser* brave did fa', man ;
 Then lost his way, ae misty day,
 In *Saratoga* shaw, man.
C-rnw-ll-s fought as lang's he dought,
 An' did the Buckskins claw, man ;
 But *C-l-nt-n*'s glaive frae rust to save
 He hung it to the wa, man.

V.

Then *M-ni-gue*, an' *Guilford* too,
 Began to fear a fa', man ;
 And *S-ckv-lle* doure, wha stood the stoure,
 The German Chief to thraw, man ;
 For Paddy *B-rke*, like ony Turk,
 Nae mercy had at a', man ;
 An' *Charlie F-x* threw by the box,
 An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

VI.

Then *R-ck-ngh-m* took up the game ;
 Till Death did on him ca', man ;
 When *Sh-lb-rne* meek held up his cheek,
 Conform to Gospel law, man :
 Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
 They did his measures thraw, man,
 For *N-tb* an' *F-x* united stocks,
 An' bore him to the wa', man.

VII.

Then Clubs an' Hearts were *Charlie's cartes*,
 He swept the stakes awa', man,
 Till the Diamond's Ace, of *Indian* race,
 Led him a fair *faux pas*, man ;
 The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
 On *Chatham's Boy* did ca', man ;
 An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,
 ' Up, Willie, waur them a' man !'

VIII.

Behind the throne then *Gr-nv-lle's* gone;
 A secret word for twa, man ;
 While flee *D-nd-s* arous'd the clasf
 Be-north the Roman wa', man :
 An' *Chatbam's* wraith, (in heav'nly graith,
 (Inspired Bardies saw, man)
 Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, ' *Willie*, rise !
 ' Would I hae fear'd them a', man !'

IX.

But, word an' blow, *N-rth, F-x, and Co.*
 Gowff'd *Willie* like a ba', man,
 Till *Suthron* raise, an' coofst their claise
 Behind him in a raw, man :
 An' *Caledon* threw by the drone,
 An' did her whittle draw, man ;
 An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood,
 To mak it guid in law, man.

S. C. SWANSON G.

Tune, Corn rigs are bonie
 (from old English broad ball)

St. 1. L. 1. D. 1. G. 1. T. 1.
 L. 2. S. 2. D. 2. G. 2. T. 2.

IT was upon a Lammas night,
 When corn rigs are bonie,
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
 I held awa to Annie :
 The time flew by, wi' tentless head,
 Till 'tween the late and early ;
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
 To see me thro' the barley.

II.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 The moon was shining clearly ;
 I set her down, wi' right good will,
 Amang the rigs o' barley :
 I ken't her heart was a' my ain ;
 I lov'd her most sincerely :
 I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

III.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace ;
 Her heart was beating rarely ;
 My blessings on that happy place,
 Amang the rigs o' barley !
 But by the moon and stars so bright,
 That shone that hour so clearly !
 She ay shall bless that happy night,
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

IV.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear ;
 I hae been merry drinking ;
 I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear ;
 I hae been happy thinking :
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

C H O R U S.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
 An' corn rigs are bonie :
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
 Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

S O N G,

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

Tune, *I had a borse, I had nae mair..*

L

Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring
guns
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather ;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather :
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer ;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove
at night,
To muse upon my Charmer..

II.

The Partridge loves the fruitful fells ;
The Plover loves the mountains ;
The Woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;
The soaring Hen the fountains ;

Thro' lofty groves the Cushat roves,
 The path of man to shun it ;
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,
 The spreading thorn the Linnet.

III.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
 The savage and the tender ;
 Some social join, and leagues combine ;
 Some solitary wander :
 Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,
 Tyrannic man's dominion ;
 The Sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
 The flutt'ring, gory pinion !

IV.

But, *Peggy dear*, the ev'ning's clear,
 Thick flies the skimming Swallow ;
 The sky is blue, the fields in view,
 All fading-green and yellow :
 Come let us stray our gladsome way,
 And view the charms of Nature ;
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
 And ev'ry happy creature.

V.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
 Till the silent moon shine clearly;
 I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest.
 Swear how I love thee dearly :
 Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
 Not Autumn to the Farmer,
 So dear can be as thou to me,
 My fair, my lovely Charmer !

S O N G.

Tune, *My Nanie, O.*

I.

BEHIND yon hills where Stinchar flows,
 'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
 The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
 And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

II.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill ;
 The night's baith mirk and rainy, O ;
 But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal,
 An' owre the hill to Nanie, O.

III.

My Nanie's charming, sweet an' young ;
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O :
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

IV.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonie, O ;
 The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

V.

A country lad is my degree,
 An' few there be that ken me, O ;
 But what care I how few they be,
 I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

VI.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
 An' I maun guide it cannie, O ;
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O.

VII.

Our auld Guidman delights to view
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O ;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
 An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

VIII.

Come weel come woe, I care na by,
 I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O ;
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A

F R A G M E N T.

C H O R U S.

*Green grow the rashes, O ;
 Green grow the rashes, O ;
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
 Are spent amang the lasses, O..*

I.

TH E R E's nought but care on ev'ry han',
 In ev'ry hour that passes, O :
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

II.

The warly race may riches chace,
 An' riches still may fly them, O;
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

Green grow, &c.

III.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
 My arms about my Dearie, O;
 An' warly cares, an' warly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

Green grow, &c.

IV.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
 The wisest Man the warl' saw,
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

V.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O:
 Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.



S O N G.

Tune, *Jockey's Gray Breeks.*

I.

Again rejoicing Nature sees
 Her robe assume its vernal hues,
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

C H O R U S *.

*And maun I still on Menie + doat,
 And bear the scorn that's in her e'e!
 For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
 An' it winna let a body be!*

* This Chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the Author's.

+ *Menie* is the common abbreviation of *Mariamne*.

II.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
 In vain to me the vi'lets spring ;
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

And maun I still, &c.

III.

The merry Ploughboy cheers his team,
 Wi' joy the tentie Seedsman stalks,
 But life to me's a weary dream,
 A dream of ane that never wauks.

And maun I still, &c.

IV.

The wanton coot the water skims,
 Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
 The stately swan majestic swims,
 And ev'ry thing is blest but I.

And maun I still, &c.

V.

The Sheep-herd steeks his faulding flap,
 And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
 Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
 I meet him on the dewy hill.

And maun I still, &c.

VI.

And when the lark,* tween light and dark,
 Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
 And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
 A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

And maun I still, &c.

VII.

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
 And raging bend the naked tree ;
 Thy gloom will foothe my chearless soul,
 When Nature all is sad like me !

And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e !
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be.

S. O. N. G.

Tune, *Roslin Castle.*

I.

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
 Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast,
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o'er the plain ;
 The Hunter now has left the moor,
 The scatt'red coveys meet secure,
 While here I wander, prest with care,
 Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

II.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
 By early Winter's ravage torn ;
 Across her placid, azure sky,
 She sees the scowling tempest fly :
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
 I think upon the stormy wave,
 Where many a danger I must dare,
 Far from the bonie banks of Ayr.

III.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
 'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore ;
 Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,
 The Wretched have no more to fear :
 But round my heart the ties are bound,
 That heart transpierc'd with many a wound ;
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
 To leave the bonie banks of *Ayr*.

IV.

Farewell, old *Coila*'s hills and dales,
 Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
 The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves !
 Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my foes !
 My peace with these, my love with those—
 The bursting tears my heart declare,
 Farewell, the bonie banks of *Ayr* !

S O N G.

Tune, *Gilderoy.*

I.

FR OM thee, *Eliza*, I must go,
 And from my native shore :
 The cruel fates between us throw
 A boundless ocean's roar :
 But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
 Between my love and me,
 They never, never can divide
 My heart and soul from thee.

II.

Farewell, farewell, *Eliza* dear,
 The maid that I adore !
 A boding voice is in mine ear,
 We part to meet no more !
 But the latest throb that leaves my heart,
 While Death stands victor by,
 That throb, *Eliza*, is thy part,
 And thine that latest sigh !

THE
FAREWELL.

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S
LODGE, TARBOLTON.

Tune, *Goodnight and joy be wi' you a'*.

I.

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the *mystic tye*!
Ye favored, *enlighten'd Few*,
Companions of my social joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's flidd'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

II.

Oft have I met your social Band,
And spent the chearful, festive night;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presidèd o'er the *Sons of light*:

And by that *Hieroglyphic* bright,
 Which none but *Craftsmen* ever saw !
 Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
 Those happy scenes when far awa !

III.

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,
 Unite you in the *grand Design*,
 Beneath th' Omnipotent Eye above,
 The glorious *Architect* Divine !
 That you may keep th' unerring line,
 Still rising by the *plummet's law*,
 Till *Order* bright completely shine,
 Shall be my Pray'r when far awa.

IV.

And You, farewell ! whose merits claim,
 Justly that *highest badge* to wear !
 Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble Name,
 To *Masonry* and *Scotia* dear !
 A last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One round, I ask it with a tear,
 To him, *the Bard* that's far awa.

S O N G.

Tune, Prepare, my dear brethren, to the
tavern let's fly, &c.

I.

No Churchman am I for to rail and to
write,
No Statesman nor Soldier to plot or to fight,
No fly Man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my
care.

II.

The Peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
I scorn not the Peasant, tho' ever so low;
But a club of good fellows, like those that
are there,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and
care.

III.

Here passes the Squire on his brother—his
horse;
There Centum per Centum, the Cit with
his purse;

But see you the Crown how it waves in
the air,
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my
care.

IV.

The wife of my besom, alas ! she did die ;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly ;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

V.

I once was persuad'd a venture to make ;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck ;
But the pursy old landlord just waddl'd up
stairs,

With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

VI.

‘ Life's care they are comforts * — a max-
im laid down

By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore
the black gown ;

And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of a care.

* Young's Night Thoughts.

A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge :

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
 And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
 May ev'ry true Brother of th' Compass and
 Square

Have a big-belly'd bottle when pressed with
 care.

E P I T A P H S.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

Here Sowter **** in Death does sleep;
 To Hell, if he's gane thither,
 Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
 He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.
 Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes;
 O Death, it's my opinion,
 Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin b-tch.
 Into thy dark dominion!

ON WEE JOHNIE.

Hic jacet weet Johnie.

Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know,
That Death has murder'd Johnie!
An' here his body lies fu' low—
For saul he ne'er had ony.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence, and at-
tend!

Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains,
The tender Father, and the gen'rrous
Friend.

The pitying heart that felt for human Woe;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human
Pride;

The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe;
For ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's
side *.

* Goldsmith.

Know thou, O stranger to the fame,
Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name!
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold.

F O R G E H E S Q

The poor man weeps—here G——n sleeps;
Whom canting wretches blam'd :
But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be sav'd or d——d!

A BARD's EPITAPH.

I S there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to shooL
Let him draw near ;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless steals the crouds among,
That weekly this area throng,

O, pass not by !
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave,
Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below,
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame ;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name !

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit,
Know, prudent, cautious, *self-controll*
Is Wisdom's root.

F · I · N · A · S ·



G L O S S A R Y.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scotch language, is marked *oa*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scotch words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scotch diphthongs, *ae*, always, and *ea* very often, sound like the French *é* masculine. The Scotch diphthong *ey*, sounds like the Latin *ei*.

A

A', all.
Abauk, away, alsof
Aboon, above, up
Abeigh, at a shy distance
Abreed, in breadth
Abread, abroad, in sight
Ae, one
Aft, oft
Aften, often
Aff, off, *Aff-loof*, unpremeditated
Afore, before
Agley, off the right line, wrong

Aiblins, perhaps
Aits, oats
Airn, iron
Aith, an oath
Aim, own
Aiver, an old horse
Aizle, a hot cinder
Alake, alas
Alane, alone
Amang, among
Amaist, almost
An', and, if
Ane, one, an
Ance, once

Anither, another	Baudrons, a cat
Artfu', artful	Barmie, of, or like barm
Afe, ashes,	Bauk, a cross beam, <i>Bauk</i>
Asteer, abroad, stirring	<i>en'</i> , the end of a beam
Auld, old	Bad, did bid
Auld-farran, or auld-farrant, sagacious, cunning prudent	Baggie, the belly
Aught, eight, possession, as in a' my aught, in all my possession	Bashfu', bashful
Ava, at all	Backlins - comin, coming
Awa, away	back, returning
Awn, the beard of barley, oats, &c.	Be, to let be, to give over, to cease
Awnie, bearded	Beuk, a book
Awfu', awful	Behint, or behin', behind
Awkart, awkward	Be't, be it
Ayont, beyond	Ben, into the spence or parlour
B A', ball	Belyve, by and bys
Bawf'nt, having a white stripe down the face	Beet, to add fuel to fire
Barkit, barked	Beastie, dimin. of beast
Barkin, barking	Benlomond, a noted mountain in Dunbartonshire
Baith, both	Belly-fu', belly-full
Bane, bone	Bethankit, the grace after meat
Bainie, having large bones, stout	Befa', to befall
Bardie, diminutive of bard	Billie, a brother, a young fellow
Bauld, bold, <i>Bauldy</i> , boldly	Big, to build, <i>Biggit</i> , build
Barefit, bare-footed	Biggin, building, a house
Batch, a crew, a gaang	Bicker, a kind of wooden dish, a short race
Batts, botts	Birkie, a clever fellow
Bade, endured, did stay	Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.
Bang, an effort	Bill, a bull
Bairn, a child	Bizz, a bustle, to buzz
Bairntime, a family of children, a brood	Birring, the noise of par-

tridges, &c. when they
 spring
 Bitt, crisis, nick of time
 Bien, wealthy, plentiful
 Biel, or bield, shelter
 Blastit, blasted
 Blastic, a shrivell'd dwarf,
 a term of contempt
 Blink, a little while, a smiling look; to look kindly,
 to shine by fits.
 Blinker, a term of contempt
 Blinkin, smirking
 Bluid, blood, *Bluidy*, bloody
 Blather, the bladder
 Blaw, to blow, to boast
 Blether, to talk idly; non-sense
 Bleth'rin, talking idly
 Blaud, a flat piece of anything; to slap
 Blate, bashful, sheepish
 Bleezin, blazing
 Blessin, blessing
 Blusht, did blusht
 Blype, a shred, a large piece
 Bleatin, bleating
 Blue-gown, one of those
 beggars who get annual-
 ly, on the King's birth-
 day, a blue cloke or gown,
 with a badge
 Bonie, or bony, handsome,
 beautiful
 Bonilie, handsomely, beau-
 tifully
 Bonnock, a kind of thick
 cake of bread
 Pother, to pother

Bodle, a small old coin
 Boortrie, the shrub elder,
 planted much of old in
 hedges of barn-yards,
 &c.
 Boord, a board
 Botch, an angry tumour
 Boost, behoved, must needs
 Bow-kail, cabbage
 Bow't, bended, crooked
 Boek, to vomit, to gush
 intermittently
 Bocked, gushed, vomited
 Braw, fine, handsome
 Brawly, or brawlie, very
 well, finely, heartily
 Breakin, breaking
 Brawnie, stout, brawny
 Brie, juice, liquid
 Brash, a sudden illness
 Brunstane, brimstone
 Brecks, breeches,
 Brugh, a burgh
 Brust, to burst
 Brither, a brother
 Braid, broad
 Brats, coarse clothes, rags
 Breathin, breathing
 Branks, a kind of wooden
 curb for horses
 Brig, a bridge
 Broo, broth, liquid, water
 Brewin, brewing
 Brogue, a hum, a trick
 Brak, broke, made insol-
 vent
 Breef, an invulnerable or
 irresistible spell
 Brunt, did burn

Brae, a declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill
 Brachens, fern
 Broose, a race at country weddings who shall first reach the bridegroom's house on returning from church
 Brattle, a short race, hurry, fury
 Braingde, to run rashly forward
 Braindg't, reeled forward
 Brisket, the breast, the bosom
 Breastit, did spring up or forward
 Breastie, dimin. of breast
 Braik, a kind of harrow
 Braxie, a moorkin sheep, &c.
 Bruilzie, a broil, a combustion
 Buirdly, stout-made, broad-built
 Bum-clock, a humming beetle that flies in the summer evening
 Bummin, humming as bees
 Burn, water, a rivulet
 Burnie, dimin. of burn
 Burnewin, i. e. burn the wind, a blacksmith
 Busle, a bustle; to bustle
 But an' ben, the country kitchen and parlour
 Bulkit, dressed
 Bummie, to blunder
 Bummler, a blunderer

Buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia
 But, without
 Bure, did bear
 Byre, a cow-stable
 By himself, lunatic, distracted

C

CA', to call, to name, to drive
 Ca't or ca'd, called, driven, calved
 Caressiv, caressing
 Cauld, cold
 Cantie, or canty, cheerful, merry
 Caup, a wooden drinking vessel
 Carlin, a stout old woman
 Cannie, gentle, mild, dexterous
 Cannilie, dextrously, gently
 Cadie, or caddie, a person, a young fellow
 Caller, fresh, sound
 Cam, did come
 Canna, cannot
 Carryin, carrying
 Cantharidian, made of cantharides
 Calf-ward, a small inclosure for calves
 Cairn, a loose heap of stones
 Caudron, a caldron
 Cantraip, a charm, a spell
 Cape-stane, cope-stone, key-stone
 Caird, a tinker
 Caff, chaff

Carefin, chearfully
 Cartes, cards
 Cadger, a carrier
 Gallan, a boy
 Chap, a person, a fellow,
 a blow
 Chiel or cheel, a young
 fellow
 Chow, to chew; cheek for
 chow, side by side
 Chuffie, fat-faced
 Chantin, chanting
 Chanter, a part of a bagpipe
 Cheep, a chirp; to chirp
 Chokin, choking
 Chearfu', chearful
 Chimla or chimlie, a fire
 grate
 Chimla-lug, the fire-side
 Cheekit, cheeked
 Chittering, shivering, trem-
 bling
 Clash, an idle tale, the story
 of the day
 Claw, to scratch
 Claise or claes, cloaths
 Claith, cloth, *claiting*,
 cloathing
 Clinkin, jerking clinking,
 Clinkumbell, who rings the
 church bell
 Clachan, a small village a-
 bout a church, a hamlet
 Clishmaclaver, idle conver-
 sation
 Cloot, the hoof of a cow,
 sheep, &c.
 Clootie, an old name for the
 Devil

Clips, sheers
 Claut, to clean, to scrape
 Clauted, scraped
 Clarkit, wrote
 Clap, clapper of a mill
 Cleed, to clothe
 Clatter, to tell little idle
 stories; an idle story
 Clour, a hump or swelling
 after a blow
 Clock, to hatch; a beetle
 Cloekin, hatching
 Collie, a general, and some-
 times a particular name
 for country curs
 Comin, coming
 Countra, country
 Cotter, the inhabitant of a
 cot-house, or cottage
 Cood, the cud
 Cog, a wooden dish
 Coggie, dimin. of cog
 Cowe, to terrify, to keep
 under, to lop; a fright,
 a branch of furze, broom,
 &c.
 Commaun, command
 Cozie, snug, *cozioly*, snugly
 Cowp, to barter, to tumble
 over; a fall, a gang
 Cowpit, tumbled
 Coye, a cavern
 Cootie, wooden kitchen
 dish; also those fowls,
 whose legs are clad with
 feathers, are said to be
 cootie
 Coost, did cast
 Cowte, a colt

Coof, a blockhead, a ninny
 Core, corps, party, clan
 Couthie, kind, loving
 Cookit, appeared and dis-
 appeared by fits
 Coble, a fishing-boat
 Corn't, fed with oats
 Cowrin, cowering
 Coaxin, wheedling
 COILA, from Kyle, a dis-
 trict of Ayrshire, so cal-
 led, faith tradition, from
 Coil or Coilos, a Pictish
 monarch
 Crack, -conversation; to
 converse
 Cracking, conversing
 Rabbit, crabbed, fretful
 Crouse, chearful, coura-
 geous
 Crously, chearfully, coura-
 geously
 Craik, the noise of an un-
 greased wheel
 Crankous, fretful, *captious*
 Crushin, crushing, crasht,
 crushed
 Crap, a crop, the top
 Cronie, crony
 Crowdie - time, breakfast-
 time
 Crump, hard and brittle,
 spoken of bread
 Croon, a hollow continued
 moan; to make a noise
 like the continued roar
 of a bull, to hum a tune
 Crooning, humming
 Creeshie, greasy

Craft or croft, a field next
 a house, *in old husbandry*
 Creel, a basket; to have one's
 wits in a creel, to be
 craz'd, to be fascinated
 Craw, a crow of a cock, a
 rook
 Crouchie, crook-backed
 Cranreuch, the hoar frost
 Crambo-clink or crambo-
 jingle, rhymes, doggerel
 verses
 Crowlin, crawling
 Creepin, creeping
 Crood, or croud, to coo as
 a dove
 Crunt, a blow on the head
 with a cudgel
 Cuff, a blockhead, a ninny
 Curchie, a courtesy
 Cummuring, murmuring;
 flight, rumbling noise
 Curling, a well known game
 on ice
 Curler, a player at ice
 Curpin, the crupper
 Cummock, a short staff with
 a crooked head
 Curlie, curled, whose hair
 falls naturally in ringlets
 Cushat, the dove or wood
 pigeon

D

DAFT, merry, giddy,
 foolish
 Daffin, merriment, foolish-
 ness
 Darg or daurk, a day's la-
 bour

Dawd, a large piece
 Daud, to thrash, to abuse
 Dawtit or dautet, fondled,
 carefless
 Dainty, pleasant, good hu-
 moured agreeable
 Dancin, dancing
 Darklins, darkling
 Daur, to dare, *daur't* dared
 Dappl't, dappled
 Daimen, rare, now and then;
 daimen-icker, an ear of
 corn now and then
 Daddie, a father
 Dearies, *dimin.* of dears
 Dearthfu', dear
 Deil-ma-care! no matter!
 for all that!
 Deave, to deafen
 Devel, a stunning blow
 Deleeret, delirious
 Deservin, deserving
 Delvin, delving
 Describe, to describe
 Disrespecket, disrespected
 Dizzen, or diz'n, a dozen
 Dirl, a slight tremulous
 stroke or pain
 Ding, to worst, to push
 Dinna, do not
 Dight, to wipe, to clean
 corn from chaff, cleaned
 from chaff
 Dimpl't, dimpled
 Dizzie, dizzy, giddy
 Doited, stupified, hebetated
 Doyle, stupified, crazed
 Douce, or douse, sober, wise,
 prudent

Douceley, soberly, prudently
 Dorty, saucy, nice
 Dow, am or are able to, can,
 Downa, am or are not able,
 cannot
 Dought, was or were able
 Dolefu', doleful
 Doure, stout, durable, stub-
 born, sullen
 Dowie, worn with grief,
 fatigue, &c.
 Donfie, unlucky
 Dowff, pithless, wanting
 force
 Dool, sorrow; *to sing dool*
 to lament to mourn
 Drap, a drop; to drop
 Drapping, dropping
 Drumlie, muddy
 Druken, drunken
 Drouth, thirst, drought
 Drinkin, drinking
 Dryin, drying
 Dreep, to ooze, to drop
 Creeping, oozing, drooping
 Drift, a drove
 Drunt, pet, sour humour
 Dreadfu', dreadful
 Droop-rumpl't, that droops
 at the crupper
 Dribble, drizzling, slaver,
 Drummock, meal and wa-
 ter mixed raw
 Droddum, the breech
 Dub, a small pond
 Duds, rags, clothes
 Duddie, ragged
 Dung, worstled, pushed,
 driven

Dush, to push *as a ram*, &c.
Dusht, pushed by a ram,
ox, &c.

E

E'E, the eye, *een*, the
eyes
Eerie, frightened, *dreading*
spirits
E'cnip, evening
Eild, old age
Elbuck, the elbow
Eldritch, ghastly, frightful
En', end
FNBRUGH, EDINBURGH
Eueugh, enough
Ensuin, ensuing
Especial, especially
Eydent, diligent

F

FA', fall, lot; to fall
Fae, a fae
Faithfu', faithful
Fash, trouble, care; to
trouble, to care for
Fash't, troubled
Fawsont, decent, seemly
Faem, foam,
Farl, a cake of bread
Fairin, a fairing, a present
Farewell, farewell
Fallow, fellow
Faut, fault
Faddom't, fathomed
Fac't faced
Fatterels, ribbon ends, &c.
Fasten-een, Fastens-Even
Eand, did find
Fauld, a fold; to fold

Faulding, folding
Ferlie, or ferly, to wonder;
a wonder, a term of con-
tempt

Fecht, to fight, *sechtin*,
fighting

Fend, to live comfortably

Feide, feud, enmity

Feat, neat, spruce

Fear't, frightened

Fearfu', frightful

Fetch, to pull by fits

Fetch't, pulled intermit-
tently

Feg, a fig

Feckfu', large, brawny,
stout

Feckless, puny, weak, silly

Fell, keen, biting; the flesh
immediately under the
skin; a field pretty level
on the side or top of a
hill

Fient, fiend, *a petty oath*

Fizz, to make a hissing
noise like fermentation

Fit, a foot

Fittie-lan', the near horse
of the hindmost pair in a
the plough

Fier, sound, healthy;
a brother, a friend

Fidge, to fidget

Fidgin, fidgeting,

Fisele, to make a rustling
noise, to fidget; a bustle

Flatterin', flattering

Fleg, a kick, a random
blow

Flunkie, a servant in livery	Feamin, foaming
Fley, to scare, to frighten	Fow, a bushel, &c.
Fley'd, frightened, scared	Forgie, to forgive
Flyin, flying	Forjesket, jaded with fa-
Fleesh, a fleece	tigue
Flingin-tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable, a flail	Frae, from
Flisk, to fret at the yoke	Freath, froth
Fliskit, fretted	Frien, friend
Flichter, to flutter <i>as young nestlings when their dam approaches.</i>	Fu', full
Flichterin, fluttering	Fur, a furrow
Flinders, shreds, broken pieces	Furm, a form, a bench
Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering manner	Fud, the scut of the hare, coney, &c.
Fleeching, supplicating	Fuff, to blow intermittently
Flainen, flannel	Fuff't, did blow
Fletcher, to decoy by fair words	Funnie, full of merriment
Fletherin, flattering	Fyle, to soil, to dirty
Flutter, to vibrate like the wings of small birds	Fyl't, soiled, dirtied
Flittering, fluttering, vibrating	Fyfteen, fifteen
Forgather, to meet, to encounter with	Fyke, trifling cares; to piddle, to be in a fuss about trifles
Fou, full, drunk	
Foughten, troubled, harassed	
Formin, forming	
Forbye, besides	
Forfairn, distressed, worn out, jaded	
Foord, a ford	
Forbears, forefathers	

G

G	AB, the mouth; to speak boldly or pertly
Gang, to go, to walk	
Gash, wise, sagacious, talkative; to converse	
Gashin, conversing	
Gaucy, jolly, large	
Gae, to go, gaed, went gaen or gane, gone gaun, going	
Gaet or gate; way, manner, road	
Gatherin, gathering	
Gar, to make, to force to	
Gar't, forced to	

Garten, a garter
Geordie, a guinea
Gear, riches, goods of any kind.
Gentles, great folks.
Get, a child, a young one
Geck, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn.
Ged, a pike
Gie, to give, *Gied*, gave
Gi'en, given
Gimmer, a ewe from one to two years old
Gin, if, against
Gizz, a periwig
Girn, to grin, to twist the features in rage, agony, &c.
Girnin, grinning
Gipsy, a young girl
Gillie, *dimin.* of gill
Giftie, *dimin.* of gift
Ghaist, a ghost
Gloamin, the twilight
Glunch, a frown; to frown
Glib-gabbet, that speaks smoothly and readily
Glint, to peep, *Glinted*, peeped, *Glintin*, peeping
Glowr, to stare, to look; a stare, a look
Glowr'd, looked, stared
Glowrin, staring
Glaikit, inattentive, foolish
Gleg, sharp, ready
Glaizie, glittering, smooth like glass
Gley, a squint; to squint, *Agley*, off at a side, wrong
Gowan, the flower of the daisy, dandelion, hawkweed, &c.
Gowk, a cuckoo, a term of contempt,
Gowl, to howl
Gowling, howling
Gowd, gold
Gowff, the game of golf; to strike, *as the bat does the ball at golf*
Gowff'd, struck
Grane or grain, a groan; to groan
Grain'd, groaned
Graining, groaning
Grushie, thick, of thriving growth
Great, intimate, familiar
Grievin, grieving
Graith, accoutrements, furniture, dress
Gruntle, the phiz, a grunting noise
Gracefu', graceful
Greet, to shed tears, to weep
Greetin, crying, weeping
Gree't, agreed
Graunie, a grandmother
Gracefu', graceful
Grape, to grope, *grapit*, groped
Grippet, catched, seized
Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables
Grumphie, a sow
Grumph, a grunt; to grunt
Grousome, loathsome grim
Grunstanc, a grindstone

Grozet, a gooseberry
 Grissle, gristle
 Gratefu', grateful
 Gree, to agree, to bear the
 gree, to be decidedly victor
 Grun', ground
 Groat, to get the whistle of
 one's groat, to play a lof-
 ing game
GUDE, the SUPREME BI-
 ING; good
 Gusty, tasteful
 Gully, or gullie, a large
 knife
 Guid, good, *Guid-mornin*
 good-morrow, *Good-een*,
 good-evening
 Guidman and *Guid-wife*, the
 master and mistress of the
 house, *Young Guidman*,
 a man newly married
 Guidfather, Guidmither,
 father-in-law and mo-
 ther-in-law
 Gumlie, muddy

H

HA', hall
 Hae, to have
 Haen, had, the participle
 Hame, home, *Hameward*,
 homeward,
 Hamely, homely, affable
 Han', or haun, hand
 Haith, a petty oath
 Haet, *sienthaet*, a petty oath
 of negation, nothing
 Haughs, low-lying, rich
 lands, valleys

Hash, a sot
 Haud, to hold
 Hale, whole, tight, healthy
 Hap - step-an'-loup, hop,
 skip, and leap
 Hap, an outer garment,
 mantle, plaid, &c. to
 wrap, to cover, to hop
 Happing, hopping
 Haffins, nearly half, partly
 Hain, to spare, to save,
 hain'd, spared
 Hawkie, a cow, *properly one*
 with a white face
 Hal', or hald, an abiding
 place
 Havins, good manners, de-
 corum, good sense
 Harkit, harkened
 Happer, a happer
 Hag, a scat or gulf in mo-
 ses and moors
 Haverel, a half-witted per-
 son; half-witted
 Hairst, harvest
 Haurl, to drag, to peel
 Haurlin, peeling
 Haftit, hastened
 Hallan, a particular parti-
 tion wall in a cottage
 Ha' bible, the great bible
 that lies in the hall
 Haffet, the temple, the side
 of the head
 Haggis a kind of pudding
 boiled in the stomach of
 a cow or sheep
 Hecht! Oh! strange!

Hearse, hoarsé
 Het, hot
 Hersel, herself
 Herrin, a herring
 Herry, to plunder, *most properly to plunder bird-nests*
 Herryment, plundering, devastation
 Heugh, a crag, a coal-pit
 Heeze, to elevate, to raise
 Heather, heath
 Hecht, to foretell something that is to be got or given; foretold; the thing foretold
 Heapit, heaped
 Herd, to tend flocks; one who tends flocks
 Healsome, healthful, wholesome
 Hear't, hear it
 Hellim, the rudder or helm.
 Himsel, himself
 Hizzie, hussy, a young girl
 Hirpl, to walk crazily, to creep, *Hirplin*, creeping
 Hing, to hang
 Hitch, a loop, a knot.
 Hilch, to hobble, to halt.
 Hitchin, halting
 Histie, dry, chapt, barren.
 Hissel, so many cattle as one person can attend
 Howk, to dig. *Howkit*, digged, *Howkin*, digging.
 Howdie, a midwife.
 Hoddin, the motion of a sage country-man riding on a cart-horse
 Hornie, one of the many names of the Devil
 Houghmagandie, fornication
 Howe, hollow; a hollow, or dell
 Howe-backit, sunk in the back, *spoken of a horse, &c.*
 Hove, to heave, to swell
 Hov'd, heaved, swelled
 Hoysé, a pull upwards
 Hoord, a hoard: to hoard
 Hoordet, hoarded
 Hoolie, slowly, leisurely; *Hoolie! take leisure! stop!*
 Host, or hoast, to cough. *Hestin*, coughing
 Hog-score, a kind of distance line, in curling drawn across the rink
 Hoy, to urge, *Hoy't*, urged
 Hool, outer skin or case
 Hoyte, to amble crazily
 Housie, *dimin.* of house
 Horn, a spoon made of horn
 Hog-shouther, a kind of horseplay by justling with the shoulder; to justle
 Hurdies, the loins, the crupper
 Hughoc, *dimin.* of Hugh

I.

I', In
 Ier-oe, a great-grandchild
 Ieker, an ear of corn
 Ilk or ilka, each, every.

Ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly
 Indentin, indenting
 Ingle, fire, fire-place
 Ingine, genius, ingenuity
 I'se, I shall or will
 Ither, other, one another

J.

JAD, jade ; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl
 Jaup, a jerk of water ; to jerk as agitated water
 Jauk, to dally, to triflē
 Jaukin, trifling, dallying
 Jaw, coarse raillery ; to pour out, to spurt, to jerk, *as water*
 Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner ; a sudden turning a corner
 Jinkin, dodging,
 Jinker, that turns quickly, a gay, sprightly girl, a wag
 Jimp, to jump ; slender in the waist, handsome
 Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl
 Jirt, a jerk
 Jinglin, jingling
 Jow, *to jow*, a verb, which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell
 Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head
 Jōcteleg, a kind of knife
 Jokin, joking.

Joyfu', joyful
 Jundie, to jostle
 Jumpit, did jump
 Jumpin, jumping

K

K AE, a daw
 Kain, fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer
 Kail, coleworts, a kind of broth.
 Kail-runt, the stem of the colewort
 Kebbuck, a cheese
 Ken, to know, *kendor ken'*, knew
 Kennin, a small matter
 Keek, a peep ; to peep
 Keepit, kept
 Kelpies, a sort of mischievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms
 Ket, a matted, hairy fleece of wool
 Kin', kind
 Kilt, to truss up the cloaths
 Kirn, the harvest supper, a churn ; to churn
 Kitchen, anything that eats with bread ; to serve for soup, gravy, &c.
 Kittle, to tickle ; ticklish, likely
 Kittling, a young cat
 King's hood, a certain part of the entrails of an ox, &c.
 Kin, kindred.

Kicutle, to cuddle
 Kicutlin, cuddling
 Kiaugh, carking anxiety
 Kirsen, to christen
 Kimmer, a young girl, a
 gossip
 Kist, chest, a shop-counter
 Knaggie, like *knags* or
 points of rocks
 Knappin-hammer, a ham-
 mer for breaking stones
 Knowe, a small round hil-
 lock
 Kye, cows
 Kythe, to discover, to show
 one's self
KYLE, a district of Ayr-
 shire
 Kyte, the belly

L

LAN', land, estate
 Lang, long, *to think*
 lang, *to long*, *to weary*
 Lap, did leap
 Lampit, a kind of shell-fish
 Laverock, the lark
 Lambie, *dimin.* of lamb
 Laughin, laughing
 Lawfu', lawful
 Lapfu', lapful
 Laigh, low,
 Lane, lone, *my lane, thy*
 lane, &c. myself alone,
 &c. thyself alone, &c.
 Lanely, lonely
 Lallan, Lowland, *Lallans*,
 Scotch dialect
 Laggen, the angle between

the side and bottom of a
 wooden dish
 Lave, the rest, the remain-
 der, the others
 Laith, loath
 Laithfu', bashful, sheepish
 Lairing, wading and sink-
 ing in snow, mud, &c.
 Laddie, *dimin.* of lad
 Lee-lang, live-long
 Leuk, a look, to look
 Leeze me, a phrase of con-
 gratulatory endearment
 Lear, *pronounce* lare, learn-
 ing
 Lea'e, to leave
 Leister, a three-pronged
 dart for striking fish
 Leugh, did laugh
 Leal, loyal, true, faithful
 Lightly, sneeringly, to sneer
 at
 Limmer, a kept-mistress;
 a strumpet
 Livin, living
 Link, to trip along
 Linkin, tripping
 Limpit, limp'd, hobbled
 Linn, a water-fall
 Lint, flax, *lint in the bell,*
 flax in flower
 Lift, the sky
 Lilt, a ballad, a tune; to
 sing
 Lintwhite, a linnet
 Loan, the place of milking
 Loof, the palm of the hand
 Looves, plural of *loof*
 Lowe, a flame; to flame

Lowin, flaming
 Lowse, to loose
 Lows'd, loosed
 Loot, did let
 Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of easy virtue
 Lowrie, abbreviation of Lawrence
 Lug, the ear, a handle
 Lugget, having a handle
 Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle
 Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke
 Luntin, smoking
 Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.
 Lum, the chimney,
 Lyart, of a mixed colour, grey

M

MAE, more
 Maist, most, almost
 Maitly, mostly
 Maun, must
 Mair more
 Mak, to make, makin, making
 Mashlum, messlin, mixed, corn
 Manteele, a mantle
 Maw, to mow, marwin, mowing
 Maukin, a hare
 Mallie, Molly
 Mar's year, the rebellion

A. D. 1715.

Mark, markes, this and several other nouns, which in English require an s to form the plural, are in Scotch like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers
 Mask, to mash, as malt, &c.
 Maskin-pat, a tea pot
 Mang, among
 Mavis, the thrush
 Mell, to meddle
 Men', to mend
 Meffin, a small dog
 Melvie, to soil with meal
 Mense, good manners, decorum
 Menfeles, ill-bred, rude, impudent
 Melancholious, mournful
 Meere, a mare
 Mither, a mother
 Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed
 Mim, prim, affectedly meek
 Mindfu', mindful
 Mislear'd, mischievous, unmannerly
 Misca', to abuse, to call names
 Misca'd, abused
 Min', mind, remembrance
 Mind't, mind it, resolved, intending
 Middin, a dunghill
 Midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of the dung-hill
 Minnie, mother, dam

Misteuk, mistook
 Morn, the next day, to-morrow
 Moudiewort, a mole
 Mony, or monie, many
 Moikify, to moisten
 Mournfu', mournful
 Moop, to nibble as a sheep
 Mottie, full of motes
 Mou, the mouth
 Mousie, *dimin.* of mouse
 Moorlan, of or belonging to moors
 Muckle, or meikle, great, big, much
 Mutchkin, an English pint
 Muffin-kail, broth composed simply of water, shel-led barley and greens
 Music, *dimin.* of muse
 Mysel, myself

N

NA, no, not, nor
 Nae, no, not any
 Nane, none
 Naething, or naithing, nothing
 Naig, a horse,
 Necbor, a neighbour
 Needfu', needful
 Negleckit, neglected
 Neuk, nook
 Niest, next
 Nieve, the fist
 Nievefu', handful
 Niger, a negroe
 Ninetailed cat, a hangman's whip

Niffer, an exchange; to exchange, to barter
 Nit, a nut
 Nowte, black cattle
 Norland, of or belonging to the North
 Notic't, noticed
 Nor-west, North-west
 Noteless, unnoticed, un-known

O

O', Of
 Observin, observing
 Ony, or onie, any
 Or, is often used for ere, before
 O't, of it
 Ourie, shivering, drooping
 Oursel, or oursels, ourselves
 Outler, not housed
 Owre, over, too
 Owre hip, a way of fetch-ing a blow with a hammer over the arm.

P

PACK, intimate, famili liar; twelve stones of wool
 Painch, paunch
 Parliamentin, at parliament
 Parritch, oatmeal pudding, a well known Scotch dish
 Pang, to cram
 Paukie, cunning, sly
 Paughty, proud, haughty,
 Partrick, a partridge
 Pat, did put; a pot

Pay't, paid, beat
 Pattle, or pettle, a plough-staff
 Pech, to fetch the breath short, *as in an asthma*
 Pechan, the crop, the stomach
 Pettle, to cherish; a plough-staff
 Pet, a domesticated sheep, &c.
 Peelin, peeling
 Pensivelie, pensively
 Phraise, fair speeches, flat-trey; to flatter
 Phraisin, flattery
 Pit, to put,
 Pine, pain, uneasiness
 Pickle, a small quantity
 Platie, *dimin.* of plate
 Plack, an old Scotch coin
 Plackles, pennyless
 Pliskie, a trick
 Plew, or pleugh, a plough
 Plumpit, did plump
 Placad, a public proclamation
 Poortith, poverty
 Powther, or pouther, powder
 Pouthery, like powder
 Pouk, to pluck
 Pou, to pull
 Pou't, did pull
 Pouffie, a hare or cat
 Pownie, a little horse
 Pow, the head, the skull
 Pout, a poult, a chicken
 Prayin, praying

Pridefu', proud, saucy
 Proveses, provosts
 Prig, to cheapen, to dispute
 Priggin, cheapening
 Pryin, prying
 Prief, proof
 Prent, print
 Propone, to lay down, to propose
 Primfie, demure, precise
 Prie, to taste
 Rrie'd, tasted
 Preen, a pin
 Pund, pound, pounds
 Puddin, pudding
 Pyle, *a pyle o' caff*, a single grain of chaff

Q

QUAT, to quit
 Quak, to quake
 Quakin, quaking
 Quey, a cow from one year to two years old

R

RAM-FEEZL'D, fatigued, overspent
 Rantin, ranting
 Ramblin, rambling
 Rattlin, rattling
 Raucle, rash, stout, fearless
 Raw, a row
 Raible, to rattle nonsense
 Rair, to roar, *rair'*, roar-ed, *rairing*, roaring
 Rax, to stretch
 Rash, a rush, *rash bus*, a bush of rushes

Ram-stam, forward,	Rowth, plenty
thoughtless	Roupet, hoarse, <i>as with a cold</i>
Rarely, excellent, very well	Rowe, to roll, to wrap
Ragweed, the plant ragwort	Row't, rolled, wrapped
Ratton, a rat	Roamin, roaming
Raught, reached	Rood, stands likewise for the plural roods
Raize, to madden, to inflame	Roun', round, in the circle of neighbourhood
Ree, half-drunk, fuddled	Roose, to praise, to commend
Ream, cream	Rozet, resin
Reek, smoke; to smoke, reekin, smoking, reekit, smoked, smoky	Roon, a shred, a remnant
Receivin, receiving	Rung, a cudgel
Red-wud, stark-mad	Runkl'd, wrinkled
Remead, remedy	Runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage
Remarkin, remarking	Rustlin, rustling
Reest, to stand restive	Rhymin, rhyming
Reestit, flood restive, stunt-ed, withered	
Reave, to rob	
Requit, requital	
Reft, torn, ragged	S
Restrickt, restricted	S, Is
Reck, to heed	Sae, so
Rede, counsel; to counsel	Sang, a song
Refus't, refuse it	Sair, to serve; sore
Rin, to run, to melt; rinnin, running	Sairly or fairlie, sorely
Ridin, riding	Sair't, served
Rip, a handful of unthresh-ed corn, &c.	Saul, soul
Rink, the course of the stones, <i>a term in curling</i>	Saunt, a saint
Riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots	Sark, a shirt
Rig, a ridge	Sarkit, provided in shirts
Kowte, to low, to bellow	Saft, soft
Rowtin, lowing	Saw, to sow
	Sawin, sowing
	Sax, fix
	Saut, salt, sauted, salted
	Saumont, salmon
	Saugh, the willow

Scone, a kind of bread
 Scrieve, to glide swiftly along
 Scrievin, gleesomely, swiftly
 Screechin, screeching
 Screed, to tear; a rent
 Scar, to scare
 Scauld, to scold, *scaulding*, scolding
 Scawl, a scold
 Scaud, to scald
 Scaur, apt to be scared
 Scornfu', scornful
 Scrimp, to scant, *scrimpet*, did scant, scanty
 Sconner, a loathing; to lothe
 Scrach, to scream as a ben, partridge, &c.
 Scrachin, screaming
 Sel, self, a body's sel, one's self alone
 Sets, sets aff, goes away
 See'd did see
 Settlin, settling, to get a settlin, to be frightened into quietness
 Sell't, did sell
 Seizin, seizing
 Servan', servant
 Sen', to send, sen't, send it
 Shaw, to show; a small wood in a hollow place
 Sheugh, a ditch, a trench
 Shootin, shooting
 Shouther, the shoulder
 Shoon, shoes
 Sheep-shank, to think one's self nae sheep shank, to be conceited
 Shore, to offer, to threaten
 Shor'd, offered
 Shangan, a stick cleft at one end for putting the tail of a dog, &c. into, by way of mischief, or to frighten him away
 Shaver, a humerous wag, a barber
 Shog, a shock
 Sheen, bright, shining
 Sherra-moor, Sheriff-moor, the famous battle fought in the Rebellion, A.D. 1715.
 Shool, a shovel
 Shaird, a shred, a shard
 Shill, shrill
 Sic, such
 Simmer, summer
 Siller, silver, money
 Sittin, sitting
 Sin', since
 Sin, a son
 Sicker, sure, steady
 Sinfu', sinful
 Sidelins, sidelong, slanting
 Sinkin, sinking
 Skriegh, a scream; to scream
 Skaith, to damage, to injre; injury
 Sklent, slant; to run aßlant, to deviate from truth
 Sklented, ran or hit in an oblique direction
 Sklentin, slanting
 Skelpie-limmer, a technical term in female scolding

Skiegh, proud, nice, high-mettled	<i>a dog, horse, &c.</i>
Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly	Snowkit, scented, snuffed
Skirl't, shrieked	Snick-drawing, trick-con-triving
Skirling, shrieking, crying	Snick, the latchet of a door
Skelp, to strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step; a smart stroke	Snoove, to go smoothly and constantly, to sneak
Skelpin, slapping, walking smartly	Snoov't, went smoothly
Slaw, flow	Snell, bitter, biting
Slae; sloe	Sned, to lop, to cut off
Slap, a gate, a breach in a fence	Snool, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely, to sneak
Slade, did slide	Sonsie, having sweet, engaging looks; lucky, jolly
Slee, fly, <i>sleest</i> , flyest	Sowther, solder; to solder, to cement
Slype, to fall over as a wet furrow from the plough	Souple, flexible, swift
Slypet, fell	Soom, to swim
Sleekit, sleek	Sowp, a spoonful, a small quantity of any thing liquid
Sliddery, slippery	Sootie, sooty
Sma', small	Sobbin', sobbing
Smiddy, smithy	Sowth, to try over a tune with a low whistle
Smytrie, a numerous collection of small individuals	Sooth, truth, a petty oath
Smoor, to smother, <i>swoor'd</i> , smothered	Souter, a shoemaker
Smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly	Spaul, a limb
Smeddum, dust, powder; mettle, sense	Speakin', speaking
Snaw, snow; to snow	Spier, to ask, to enquire
Snawie; snowy	Spier't, enquired
Snaw-broo, melted snow	Spunk, fire, mettle, wit
Snash, abuse, Billingsgate	Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery; will o' wisporignis satuus
Sneeshin, snuff, <i>sneeshin-mill</i> , snuff-box	Sportin, sporting
Snowk, to scent or snuff at	Spak, did speak
	Springin, springing

Speel, to climb
 Spleuchan, a tobacco pouch
 Speat, a sweeping torrent after a rain or thaw
 Spairge, to dash, to soil as with mire
 Spitefu', spiteful
 Spence, the country parlour
 Spae, to prophesy, to divine
 Sprit, a tough-rooted plant something like rushes
 Sprittie, full of spirits
 Sprattle, to scramble
 Sparin, sparing
 Spaviet, having the spavin
 Spreckl'd, spotted, speckled
 Splore, a frolic, a riot, a noise
 Splatter, a splutter; to splutter
 Spring, a quick air in music, a Scotch reel
 Squad, a crew, a party
 Squeel, a scream, a screech; to scream
 Squatter, to flutter in water, as a wild duck, &c.
 Squattle, to sprawl
 Stan', to stand; stan't, did stand
 Stane, a stone
 Stroan, to spout; to piss
 Stroan't, spouted, pissed
 Stents, tribute, dues of any kind
 Steek, to shut; a fitch
 Stech, to cram the belly
 Stechin, cramming

Startle, to run as cattle flung by the gadfly
 Steer, to molest, to stir
 Sturt, trouble; to molest
 Sturtin, frightened
 Studdie, an anvil
 Stell, a still
 Stoup or stowp, a kind of jug or dish with a handle
 Straik, to stroke, straikit; stroked
 Stampin, stamping
 Stacher, to stagger
 Stap, to stop
 Strae, straw, to die a fair strae death, to die in bed
 Strack, did strike
 Stack, a rick of corn, hay, &c.
 Streek, stretched, to stretch, streakit, stretched
 Staumrel, half-witted
 Stoure, dust, more particularly dust in motion
 Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old
 Stot, an ox
 Stoore, sounding hollow, strong and hoarse
 Straight, straight
 Stock, a plant of colewort, cabbage, &c.
 Starvin, starving
 Stringin, stringing
 Startin, starting
 Staw, did steal; to surfeit
 Stown, stolen
 Stownlins, by stealth

Stuff, corn or pulse of any kind
 Stibble, stubble, *stibble rig*, the reaper, in harvest, who takes the lead
 Strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily
 Staggie, *dimin.* of stag
 Steeve, firm, compacted
 Stank, a pool of standing water
 Stark, stout
 Stey, steep, *steyle*, steepest
 Sten, to rear as a horse
 Sten't, reared
 Stimpert, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel
 Strappan, tall, and handsome
 Strewin, strewing
 Stilt, a crutch; to halt, to limp
 Stockin, stocking
 Stumpie, *dimin.* of stump
 Striddle, to straddle
 Stick an' stow, totally, altogether
 Sucker, sugar
 Sugb, the continued rushing noise of wind or water
 Suthron, southern, an old name for the English nation
 Sud, should
 Swap, an exchange; to barter
 Swirl, a curve, an eddying

blast or pool, a knot in wood
 Swirlie, knaggy, full of knots
 Swither, to hesitate in choice; an irresolute wavering in choice
 Swank, stately, jolly
 Swankie, or swanker, a tight strapping young fellow or girl
 Swatch, a sample
 Swith! get away!
 Swinge, to beat, to whip
 Swingein, beating, whipping
 Swaird, sward
 Swat, did sweat
 Swervin, swerving
 Swoor, swore, did swear
 Swall'd, swelled
 Sweer, lazy, averse, dead-sweer, extremely averse
 Sweatin, sweating
 Sync, since, ago, then

T

TAE, a toe, *three tae'd*, having three prongs
 Tauted, or tautie, matted together, spoken of hair or wool
 Tak, to take, *takin*, taking
 Tangle, a sea weed
 Tauld, or tald, told
 Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance
 Tarrow't, murmured

Talkin, talking
 Tawie, that allows itself
 peaceably to be handled,
 spoken of a horse, cow, &c.
 Tap, the top
 Taupie, a foolish, thought-
 less young person
 Tapetless, heedless, foolish
 Tapsalteerie, topsy-turvy
 Tarry-breeks, a sailor
 Tent, a field pulpit, heed,
 caution; to take heed
 Tentic, heedful, cautious
 Tentles, heedless
 Teugh, tough, *teughly*,
 toughly
 Teat, a small quantity
 Tearfu', tearful
 Ten hours bite, a slight feed
 to the horses while in the
 yoke in the forenoon
 Thack, thatch, *thack an'*
 rap, cloathing, necessa-
 ries
 Thrang, throng, a croud
 Thegither, together
 Thick, intimate, familiar
 Thole, to suffer, to endure
 Thae, these
 Thrissle, thistle
 Throuther, pell-mell, con-
 fusedly
 Thinkin, thinking
 Thumpit, thumped
 Thumpin, thumping
 Thieveles, cold, dry, spited,
 spoken of a person's de-
 meanour
 Thowe, a thaw; to thaw
 Thankit, thanked. *Pa.*
 Through, to go on with,
 to make out
 Threshin, thrashing
 Thairms, small guts, fiddle-
 strings
 Themsel, themselves
 Thysel, thyself
 Thud, to make a loud, in-
 termittent noise
 Thraw, to sprain, to twist,
 to contradict
 Thrawn, sprained, twisted,
 contradicted
 Thrawin, twisting, &c.
 Threteen, thirteen
 Thankfu', thankful
 Thirl, to thrill
 Thirl'd, thrilled, vibrated
 Thowles, slack, lazy.
 Threap, to maintain by dint
 of assertion
 Thir, these
 Tither, the other
 Timmer, timber, *Timmer-*
 propt, propped with timber
 Till't, to it
 Tinkler, a tinker
 Tine, to lose, *Tint*, lost
 Tippence, two-pence
 Tittle, to whisper
 Tittlin, whispering
 Tirl, to make a slight noise,
 to uncover
 Tirlin, uncovering
 Tip, a ram
 Towzie, rough, shaggy
 Toom, empty
 Tout, the blast of a horn

eg trumpet; to blow a horn, &c.

Tow, a rope.

Toddle, to totter like the walk of a child.

Toddlin, tottering.

Tod, a fox.

Toop, a ram.

Toun, a hamlet, a farmhouse.

Tocher, marriage portion.

Toyte, to totterlike oldage.

Towmond, a twelvemonth.

Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress.

Trashtrie, trash.

Trowth, truth, a petty oath.

Tryin, trying.

Trow, to believe.

Transmugrify'd, transmigrated, metamorphosed.

Trig, spruce, neat.

Trimly, excellently.

Trottin, trotting.

Trickie, full of tricks.

Try't, tryed.

Tunefu', tuneful.

Tug, raw hide, *of which, in old times, plough traces were frequently made*.

Tulzie, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight.

Twa, two.

Twa-three, a few.

Twal, twelve, *T walpennie-worth, a small quantity, a penny-worth.*

Twin, to part.

'Twad, it would.

Tyke, a dog.

U

UNCOS, news.

Unco, strange, uncouth, very, very great, prodigious.

Undoin, undoing.

Unskaith'd, undamaged, unhurt.

Uncaring, disregarding.

Unkenn'd, unknown.

Upo', upon.

V

VAP'RIN, vapouring.

Vera, very.

Virl, a ring round a column, &c.

W

WA', wall, *Wa's,* walls.

Wae, woe; sorrowful.

Wad, would; to bet; a bet, a pledge.

Wadna, would not.

Wastrie, prodigality.

Warl, or warld, world.

Warly, worldly, eager on amassing wealth.

Wark, work.

Wark-lume, a tool to work with.

Warft, worst.

Wale, choice; to chuse.

Wal'd, chose, chosen.

Wame, the belly, *Wamefou'*,
 a bellyfull
 Warran, a warrant; to
 warrant
 Wabster, a weaver
 Wauken, to awake
 Waefucks! or waes me!
 alas! O the pity!
 Waur, worse; to worst
 Waur't, worsted
 Warlock a wizzard
 Warstl'd, or warfl'd, wrest-
 led
 Wanrestfu', restless
 Wat, wet; *I wat*; I wot,
 I know
 Wanchancie, unlucky
 Water-brose, *brose* made of
 meal and water simply
 without the addition of
 milk, butter, &c.
 Waukit, thickened, *as ful-*
 lers do cloth
 Wauble, to swing, to reel
 Wattle, a twig, a wand
 Wair, to lay out, to expend
 Walie, ample, large, jolly;
 also an interjection of dis-
 tress
 Waft the woof
 Wailfu', wailing
 Wee, little, *Wee-things*, lit-
 tle ones, *Wee-bit*, a small
 matter
 Weel, well, *Weelfare*, well-
 fare
 Wean, or weanie, a child
 Weafon, weafond
 We'se, we shall
 Wearie, or weary, *monie a*
 wearie body, many a dif-
 ferent person
 Weet, rain, witness
 Wha, who
 Whase, whose
 Whare, where, *Whare'er*,
 wherever
 Whyles, whiles, sometimes
 Whissle, a whistle; to
 whistle
 Whang, a leathern string,
 a piece of cheese, bread,
 &c. to give the strappado
 Wheep, to fly nimbly, to
 jerk, *Penny wheep*, small
 beer
 Whun-stane, a whin-stone
 Whirlygigums, useless or-
 naments, trifling appen-
 dages
 Whigmeleeries, whims, fan-
 cies, crotchets
 Whisfit! silence! *to holdone's*
 whisht, to be silent
 Whaizle, to wheeze
 Whisk, to sweep, to lash
 Whiskit, lashed
 Whid, the motion of a hare
 running but not frightened,
 a lie
 Whiddin, running as a
 hare or coney
 Whitter, a hearty draught
 of liquor
 Whatreck, nevertheless
 Whalpit, whelped
 Wi', with
 Win', wind, *Win's*, winds

Wimple, to meander
 Wimpl't, meandered
 Wimplin, wavering, me-
 andering
 Winna, will not
 Winnock, a window
 Winkin, winking
 Wick, to strike a stone in
 an oblique direction, a
 term in curling
 Withoutten, without
 Win, to wind, to winnow
 Win't, winded, *as a bottom*
 of yarn
 Wintle, a staggering motion
 to stagger, to reel
 Winze, an oath
 Wiel, a small whirlpool
 Wifie, a diminutive or en-
 dearing term for wife
 Wizen'd, hide-bound, dry-
 ed, shrunk
 Wiss, to wish
 Winsome, gay, hearty,
 vaunted
 Waefu', woeful
 Wonner, a wonder, a con-
 temptuous appellation
 Wonderfu' wonderful, won-
 derfully
 Woo, wool
 Wooer-bab, the garter
 knotted below the knee
 with a couple of loops
 Worset, worsted
 Wordy, worthy

Wrack, to tease, to vex
 Wrang, wrong; to wrong
 Wreeth, a drifted heap of
 snow
 Wraith, a spirit, a ghost,
 an apparition exactly like
 a living person, whose ap-
 pearance is said to forbode
 the person's approaching
 death
 Wud, mad, distracted
 Wumble, a wimble
 Wyte, blame; to blame
 Wyliecoat, a flannel vest

Y

YEAR, is used for both
 sing. and plur. years
 Yell, barren, that gives no
 milk
 Yerk, to lash, to jerk
 Yerkit, jerked, lashed
 Yestreen, yesternight
 Yealings, born in the same
 year, coevals
 Ye, this pronoun is fre-
 quently used for Thou
 Yill, ale
 Yird, earth
 Yoursel, yourself
 Yont, beyond
 Youthfu', youthful
 Yokin, yoking, a bout
 Yowe, a ewe
 Yowie, *dimin.* of yowe
 Yule, Christmas.



166 Plain dull stupidity &c

167 O ye who couch in bed of down &c

171 If Happiness —

174 Thou Being All-seeing —

207 The Great Creator to rever — Almost

208 Religion

221 Freeze me out don't it grieves man

93 Come lucky find a flowry spot

217 legal thinning

106 Who begs a brother of the earth —
 He gives him leave to tell

